★ Sept. 18, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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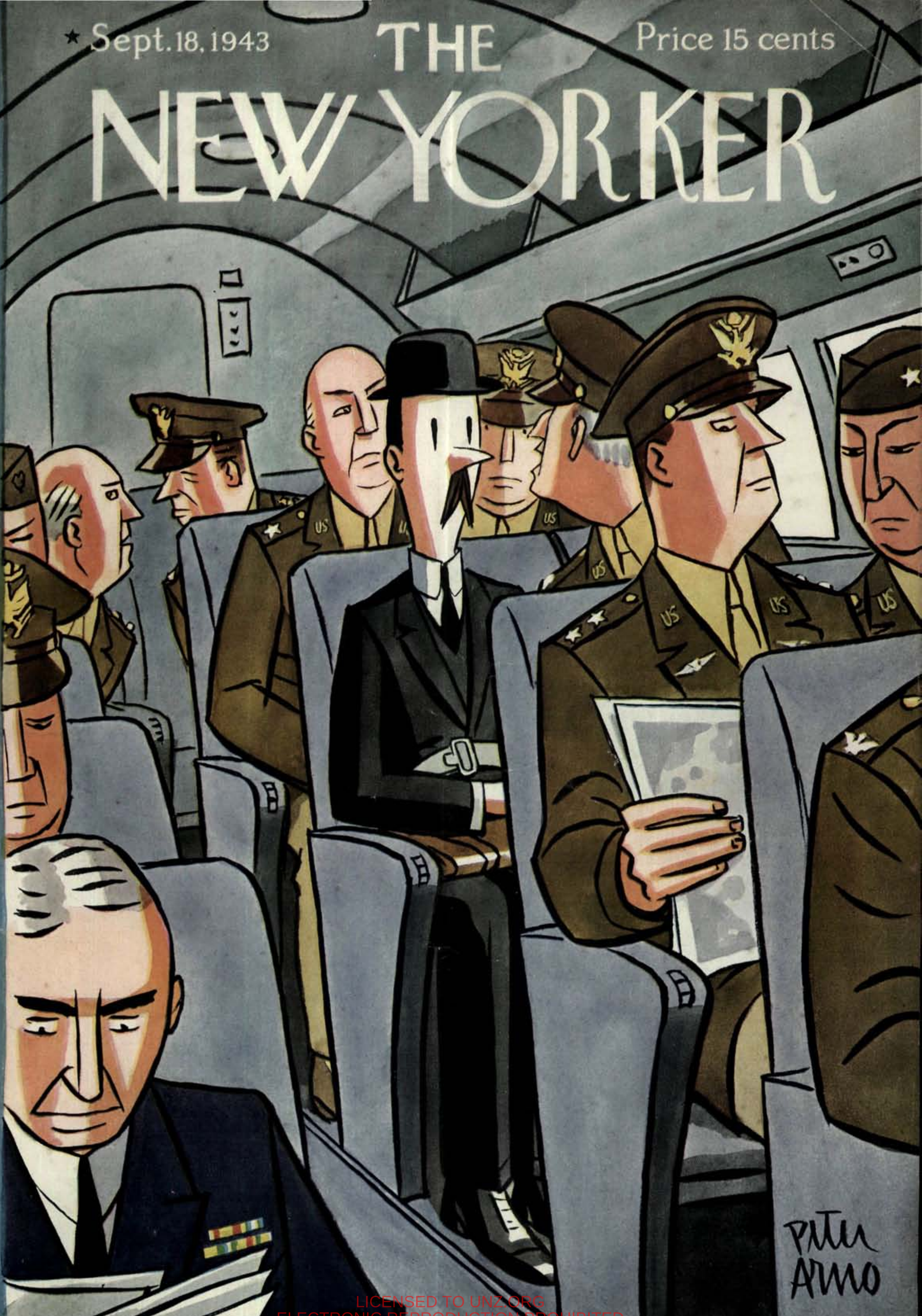
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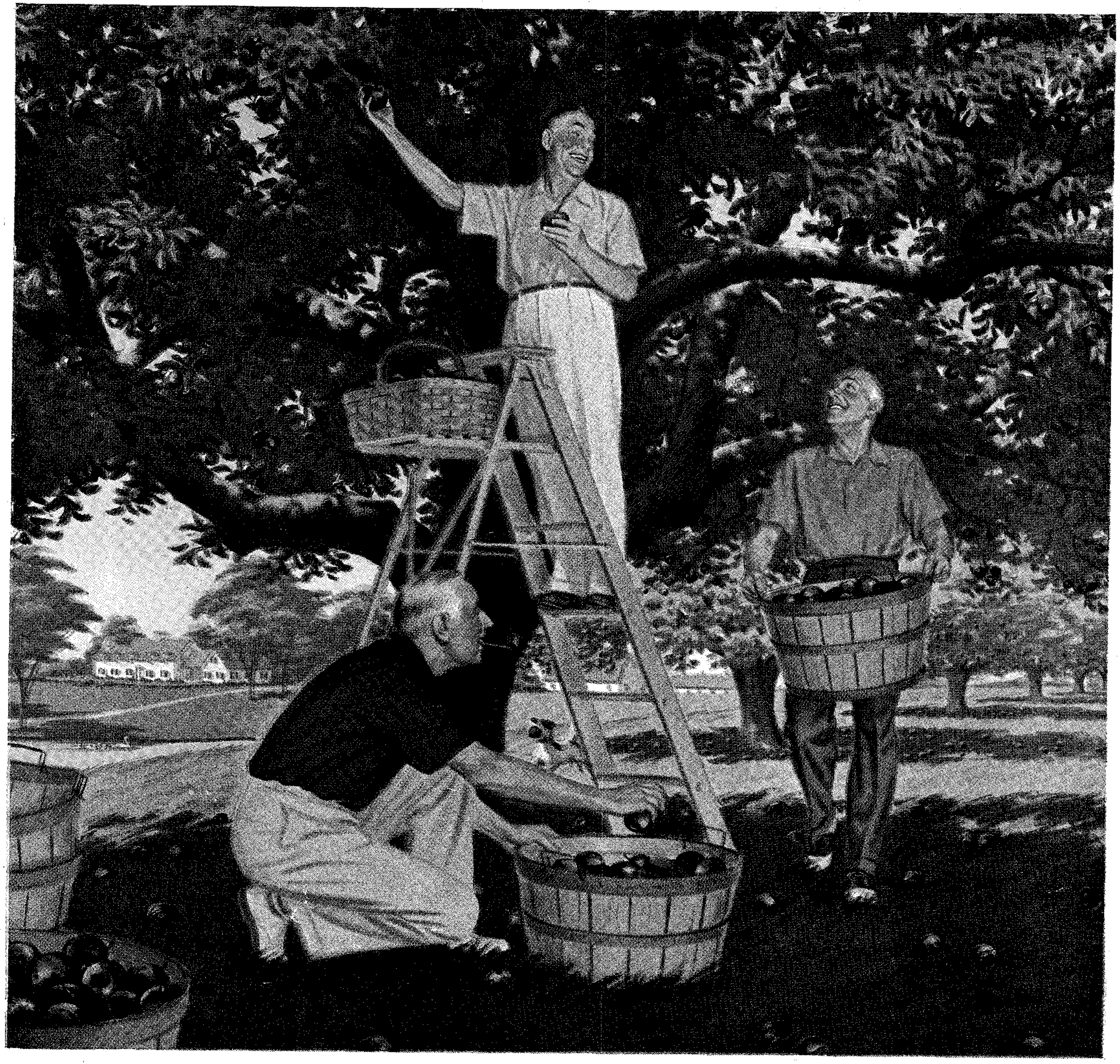

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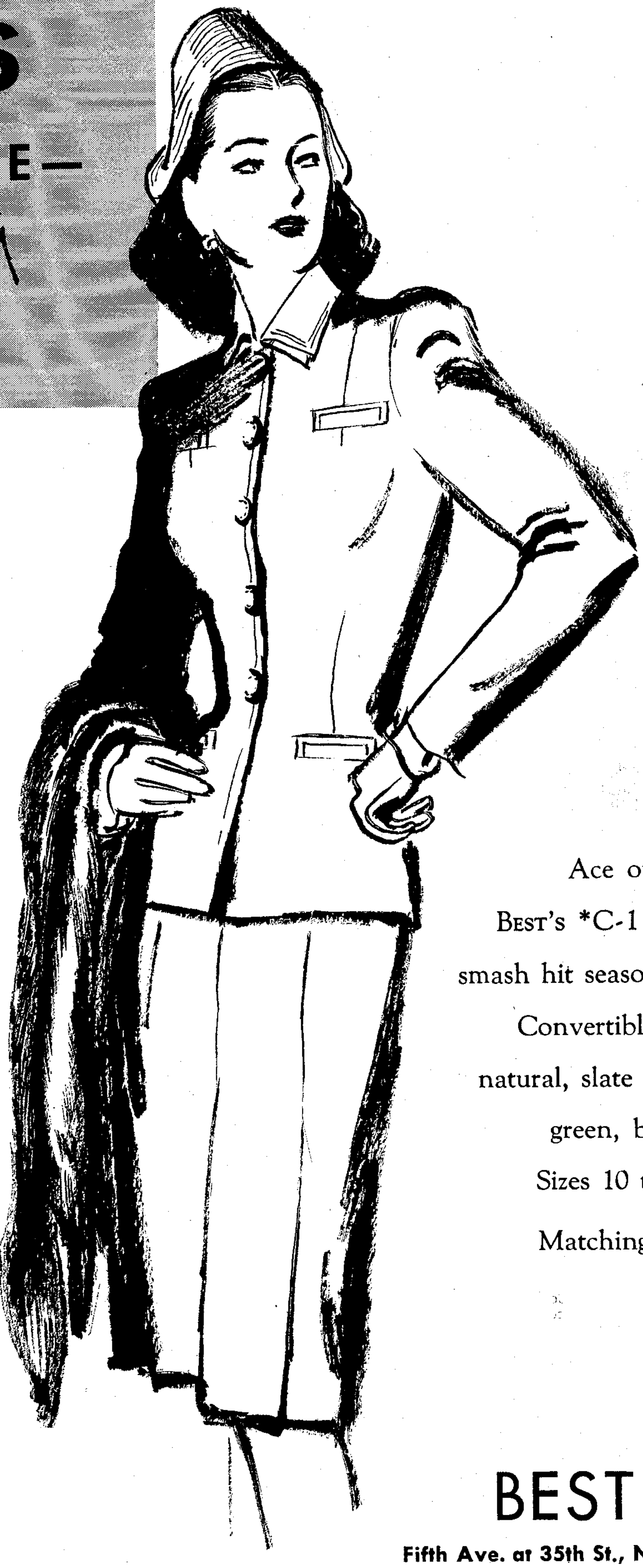

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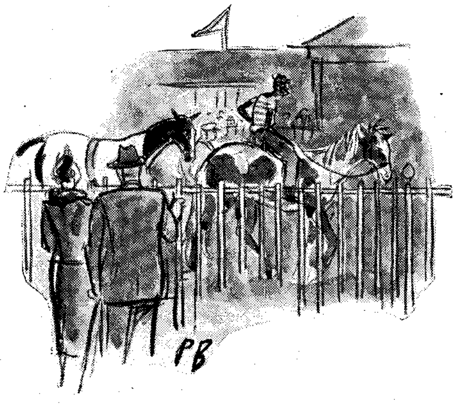

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Third season. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JANIE—A mild comedy, of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

KISS AND TELL—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney will return to the cast on Thurs., Sept. 23. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MURDER WITHOUT CRIME—Not too absorbing a thriller, with Henry Daniell coming off a lot better than anybody else. The rest of the cast consists of Bretaigne Windust, Viola Keats, and Frances Tannehill. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers, floods, and wars. Gladys George, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Sept. 25.)

THREE'S A FAMILY—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A NEW LIFE—A play by Elmer Rice, with Betty Field. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

WITH MUSIC

BLOSSOM TIME—Schubert's plaintive romance with the jeweler's daughter in a good, characteristic revival. With Alexander Gray, Barbara Scully, and Doug Leavitt. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

EARLY TO BED—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

LAUGH TIME—Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, Ethel Waters, and some excellent singers, dancers, and dogs in a very satisfactory vaudeville show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

PORGY AND BESS—Todd Duncan and Etta Moten in George Gershwin's folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured show, which also contains Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

STAR AND GARTER—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rowdy but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE STUDENT PRINCE—A revival of that old Romberg operetta which you all surely know by now. Everett Marshall and Frank Hornaday. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Milton Berle leading a large cast through a rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	78
THE CURRENT CINEMA	49
OF ALL THINGS	51
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	56
THE RACE TRACK	76
A REPORTER AT LARGE	60
THE THEATRE	40

THE NEW YORKER
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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS OF 1944—A revue with James Barton and Frances Williams, produced by Alexander H. Cohen, Martin H. Poll, and Joseph Kipness. Opens Thurs., Sept. 16. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LAND OF FAME—Whitford Kane and Stephen Schnabel in a play by Albert and Mary Bein. Produced by Mr. Bein and Frederick Fox. Opens Tues., Sept. 21. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

DANCE RECITALS—Katherine Dunham and her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. Opens Sun. Eve., Sept. 19. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

ICE SHOWS—"Ice-Capades of 1944," a revue featuring such champions as Donna Atwood and Nate Walley. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sun. at 2:30.) . . . "Stars on Ice," a spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant spot, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra and an ice show. Closes for the season on Wed., Sept. 22.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo heads the show here, which also includes Kenneth Spencer and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat, with Ella Logan, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band to dance to.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This summer house, next door to the winter quarters, has Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Ted Straeter's orchestra and a dance team will be on hand in the Persian Room until Thurs., Sept. 23, when Hildegarde and Bob Grant's orchestra take over.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music here.

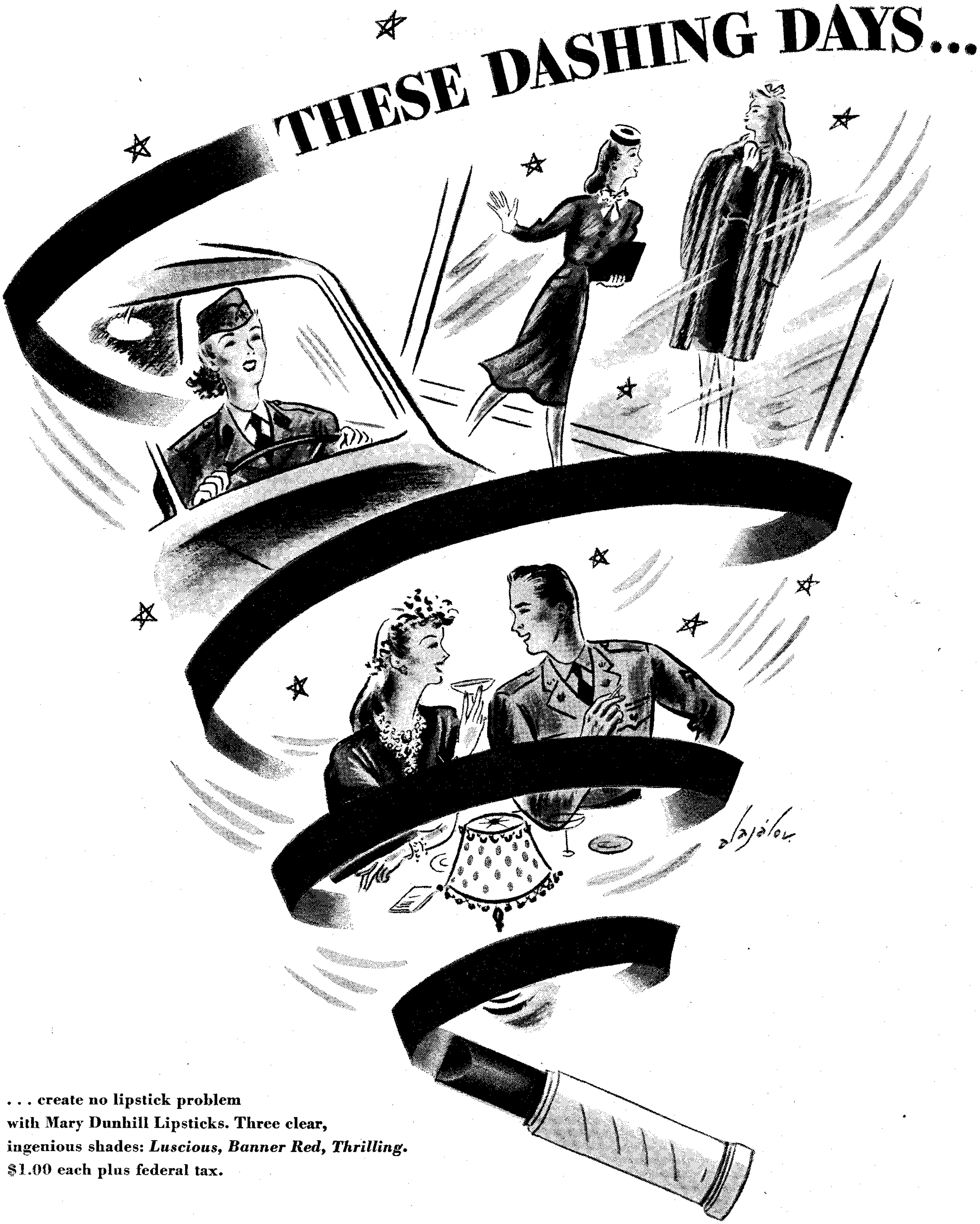
SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers dance music by Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Russ Smith's and Roy George's orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Leo Reisman's band and also, at the supper hour, Mischa Borr's orchestra and a show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is back, heading a new show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): sprightly but restful, with the Leonard Ware Trio and quite a few others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 31, September 18, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.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FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

of an office building, with Spivy herself singing those songs. . . . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm and Lamotte murals. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music makes an agreeable background for the chatter. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman and Carl Brisson; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . CASBAH, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Grace Hayes heads a big and noisy show; Charles Baum's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band will be here through Thurs., Sept. 23. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price in command of a good-sized show. . . . FOLIES BERGÈRE, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls; Enric Madriguera's and Roy Eldridge's orchestras. . . . CAFÉ ZANZIBAR, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, Maurice Rocco, and lots of others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . LA CONGA, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, dances by Pearl Primus, and folk songs by Joshua White. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad *Gowans' orchestra, featuring* Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Chelsea Quealey. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues here. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Quintet supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

DRAWINGS—Works by several sculptors and painters, including Charles Despiau, Aristide Maillol, Henri Matisse, and Diego Rivera: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 9.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 24.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the ANDRE SELIGMANN, 15 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by European and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. *Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through* Sept. 30. . . . LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: oils, mostly by European artists, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Daily 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 17. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: paintings by John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 18.

FRENCH—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings of the Midi by such artists as Monet, Renoir, and Cézanne. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 2. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: a showing of familiar paintings by Dufy, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Kisling, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

GROUPS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57: works in several media by Philip Evergood, Raphael and Moses Soyer, Anton Refrégier, and others, in the first show in this gallery's new quarters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 25. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 24. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: *oils by artists whose works were shown* here last season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 25. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings done this summer by Paul Sample, George Grosz, Ernest Fiene, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 13. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: an exhibit of contemporary oils and water colors by Ogden M. Pleissner, Peter Hurd, Joseph De Martini, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 1. . . . DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: paintings by Jack Levine, Louis Guglielmi, and other artists *now in the armed forces.* Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 2.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Over a hundred paintings of scenes in battle zones and on the home front, originally done for *Life* by Tom Lea, Fletcher Martin, Paul Sample, and other American artists (through Sun., Sept. 19); an exhibition of aquatints, lithographs, and other prints by modern Argentine artists (through Oct. 17); also, the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Ten newly acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

RUSSIAN—Originals of about forty war posters done by Soviet artists; a benefit for Russian War Relief: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 24.

MUSIC

ROMBERG CONCERT—Sigmund Romberg conducting an orchestra in a program of his own and other compositions; soloists, Marthe Errolle, Eric Mattson, and others; a benefit for B'nai B'rith: Sat., Sept. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Carmen," Thurs., Sept. 16; "La Traviata," Fri., Sept. 17; "Aïda," Sat., Sept. 18; "Samson et Dalila," Sat., Sept. 25; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 17-18, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 19 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 16, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Wed. through Sat., Sept. 22-25, at 2:30 P.M.

GOLF—Long Island G.A. Pro-Amateur, for the Woolsey Cup (an Army Relief Fund benefit), Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead, Thurs., Sept. 16.

RACING—Daily at Aqueduct at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 18. (Stony Brook Claiming Stakes and the Beldame Handicap, Sept. 18.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 11:08 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and on other days between 11:24 A.M. and 1:24 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 1:15 P.M.; beginning Mon., Sept. 20. (Manhattan Handicap and The Matron, Sept. 25.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station on Sat. between 10:55 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and on other days between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship race on the Sound: Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Sun., Sept. 19, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR LOAN DRIVE—The campaign is now well under way, and midtown headquarters are in the War Center on 50th St. near 7th Ave., where a rally is held nightly.

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by *the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces* overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as illustrated by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material (through Oct. 31); also, an exhibition, assembled by Gregory Bateson, of photographs, sculptures, and paintings from Bali, showing the culture of its people and designed to illustrate the problems which confront an army of occupation in any foreign territory (through Sun., Sept. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with fliers' equipment, machine guns, airplane engines, and scale models of wind-tunnels (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of war trophies captured from the Germans, examples of lend-lease equipment, and photomurals of wartime life in both countries (through Sept. 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—An exhibition showing the development of action-photography from 1837 to the present: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 19.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—The development of America from 1492 to 1792, as shown by maps, autograph manuscripts and letters, books, and other material. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

MINEOLA FAIR—The annual exhibit of livestock and produce raised by the amateur and professional farmers of Long Island: Fair Grounds, Mineola, daily through Sat., Sept. 18, from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting; soloist, Robert Casadesus, Sun., Sept. 19, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Sept. 19, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Racing: the Beldame Handicap, Sat., Sept. 18, at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC; Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 10:30 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—European furniture from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries; Oriental and Aubusson rugs; and Old Meissen, Hochst, and other porcelains; from the collections of Mrs. L. Gordon Hamersley, Henry Root Stern, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 16-18, at 2 P.M. . . . English and American furniture and porcelains, hooked and Oriental rugs, and paintings by nineteenth-century English and American artists; owned by Mrs. Frank Day Tuttle and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 23-25, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—The Post Office is now accepting Christmas packages for servicemen overseas. Gifts for men in the Army should be mailed by Oct. 15, and for those in the Navy by Nov. 1. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

MOTION PICTURES

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Joan Fontaine is the nymph and Charles Boyer is her composer friend in this

L'Origan
for your golden moments
Coty
Eric

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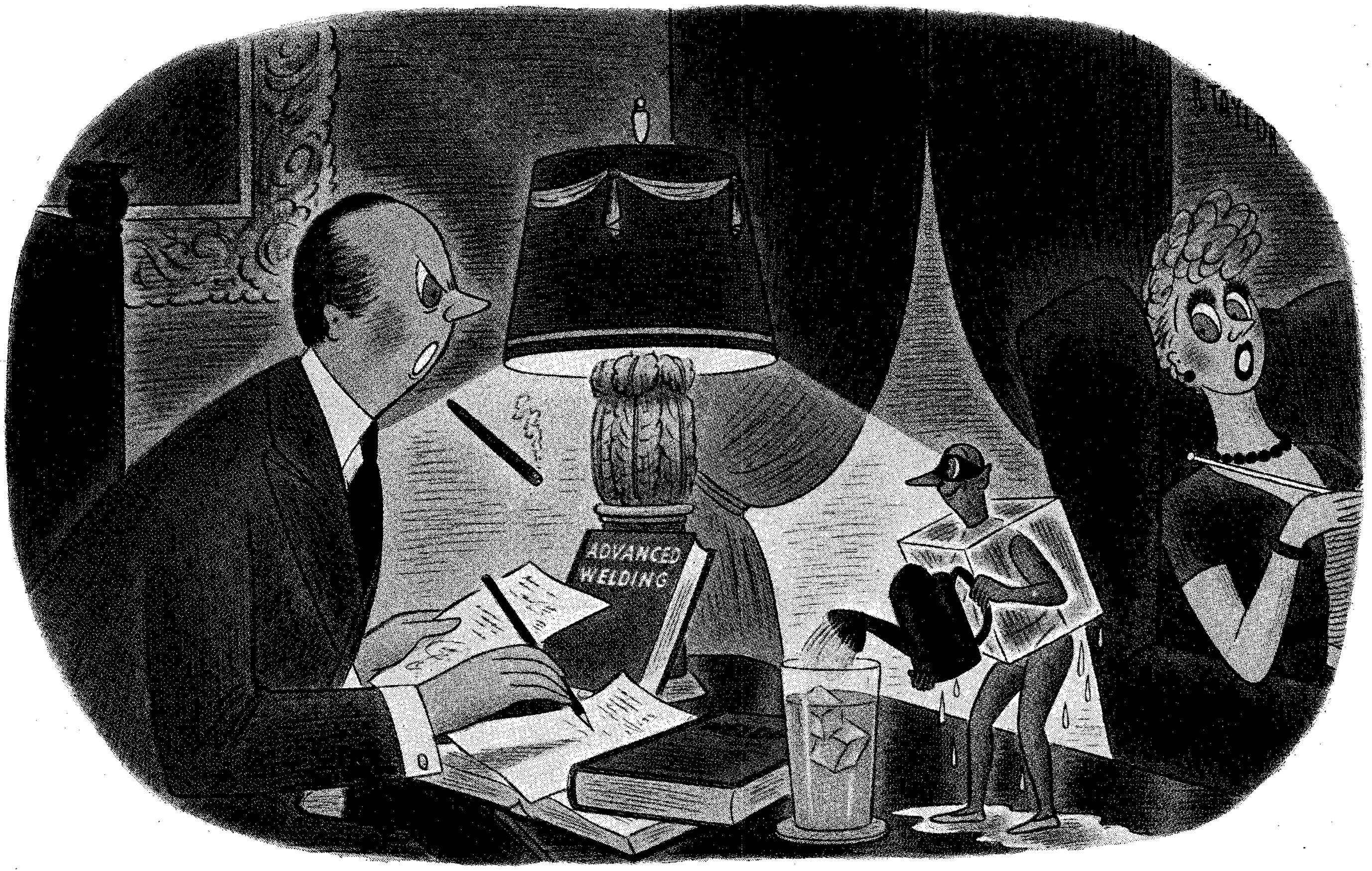
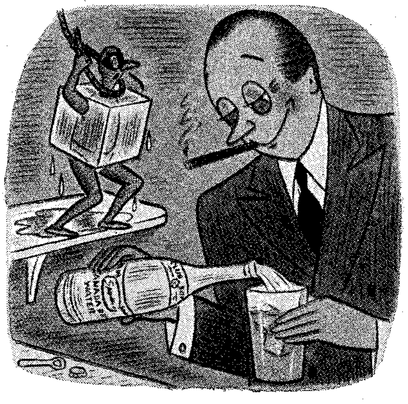


"Stop!" said the broker, "you're watering my private stock!"

BROKER: I've got enough troubles trying to do my welding school homework without your ruining my last bottle of Old Whatsis. Go 'way!

MELTING ICE: Heh, heh. Buy bargain club soda, will you? Watch my air bubbles steal the sparkle-bubbles out of that drink and my ice water dilute what's left. Will it go flat! Watch me liquidate!

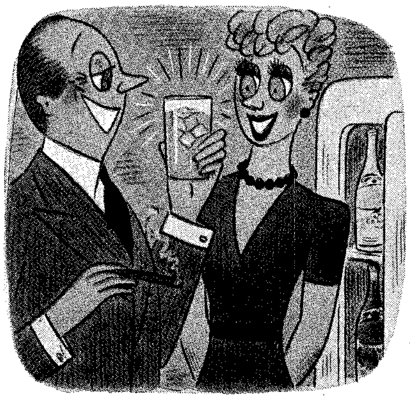
BROKER'S WIFE: Don't scream, dear—I'll order some Canada Dry Water.



BROKER: Okay, my frozen liability—try and spoil *this* drink. That's Canada Dry Water.

MELTING ICE: Curses! My career is ruined!

BROKER: You said it! That "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles—gives blue-chip sparkle to the last drop. And a special formula makes any drink taste better!



BROKER: Will this sparkle never decline?

BROKER'S WIFE: Not for days! A recapped bottle of Canada Dry Water in the refrigerator holds its sparkle like a ticker holds tape!

BROKER: What a capital dividend! We'll soon save enough to buy a share of Consolidated Bubbles!

BUY THE BIG BOTTLE
SAVE MONEY
CONSERVE CAPS

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

Going Out? Speak up for these finer mixers. They make any drink taste better.

CANADA DRY **WATER - GINGER ALE**
TOM COLLINS MIXER - LIME RICKEY

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**

—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

respectable new version of Margaret Kennedy's familiar novel. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., Sept. 22.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome, Technicolored adaptation, notable for its fast pace and some fine bits of acting though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Hers to Hold—Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten involved in a wartime romance which should appeal to those with a sweet tooth. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Sept. 16. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 18.)

Mission to Moscow—You'll have to see it before you can argue about it. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka have the main jobs in portraying the international figures in ex-Ambassador Davies' book. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 19-21.)

The More the Merrier—The bright side of housing difficulties in Washington, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 18-21.)

Next of Kin—The British have put this thriller together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 21-22.)

This Is the Army—Last year's Army show has been moved to the screen with extensive alterations and additions, but no harm done. There's a supplementary civilian cast which includes George Murphy, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Watch on the Rhine—Paul Lukas and Bette Davis in a fine adaptation of Lillian Hellman's play about the refugee leader of the German underground. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

The Beachcomber (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas that has nothing to do with the present. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 22-24.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of All the Russias, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (World, 153 W. 49; starting Fri., Sept. 17.)

Crossroads (1942)—Blackmail in the French diplomatic service. William Powell and Hedy Lamarr. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 16. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed., Sept. 22.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., Sept. 16.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Sat., Sept. 18.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 17-20.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (World, 153 W. 49; starting Fri., Sept. 17.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., Sept. 16.)

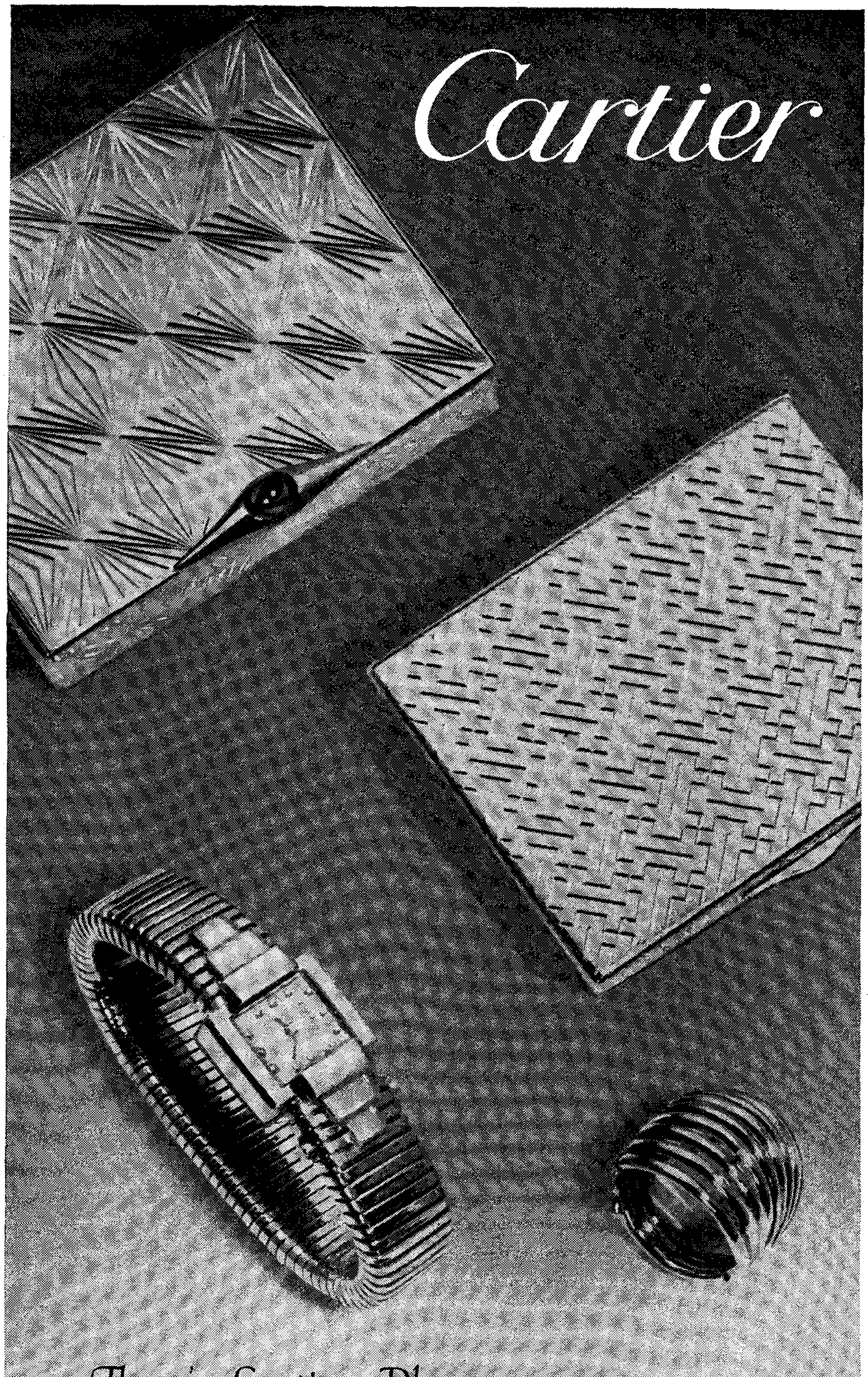
The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway film of war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 16.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 17-20.)

Tortilla Flat (1942)—The Steinbeck novel about California *paisanos.* Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 21-23.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THROUGH SAT., SEPT. 18 (extra showing at 4 P.M.): eight short dance sequences from various films (1909-1936) featuring, among others, Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire. SUN. AND MON., SEPT. 19-20: eleven early films (1895-1910), including "The Great Train Robbery" and Méliès' "A Trip to the Moon." TUES. AND WED., SEPT. 21-22: ten short French films (1905-1910) by Ferdinand Zecca, Emile Cohl, and Jean Durand. THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 23-24: seven early American films (1907-1912) with Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, and others. FROM SAT., SEPT. 25 (at 4 P.M. only): "The New York Hat" (1912), Mary Pickford; "A Fool There Was" (1914), Theda Bara; "The

MY hat CAN BE COPIED . . .
MY dress DUPLICATED . . . .
MY shoes MATCHED . . . . .
but never my face powder!
because that's blended to match my own skintone—right before my eyes—by
Charles of the Ritz
HAND BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS



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Special Cartier gifts for those in the service.

Mail orders filled carefully — place them now for Christmas.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fugitive" (1914), William S. Hart; and "The Clever Dummy" (1917), Mack Sennett comedy.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations which are equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **civilian defense volunteer office,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301): men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule. . . . **red cross,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a seven-week part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women who, after taking a forty-hour course, can work three or four days a week preparing food and serving it to troops in transit. . . . **american women's voluntary services,** 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to staff salvage depots throughout the city, keeping records of the collection and disposal of salvage, and also to act as salvage captains in their own apartment buildings; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics, map reading, and other subjects, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, whose headquarters are at 17 E. 67th, RE 7-3700. . . . **united hospital fund,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a training course and then put in about six hours a week as orderlies in hospital wards and clinics; men and women to work at least eight hours a week in hospitals as laboratory helpers, clerical workers, linen room aides, and the like.

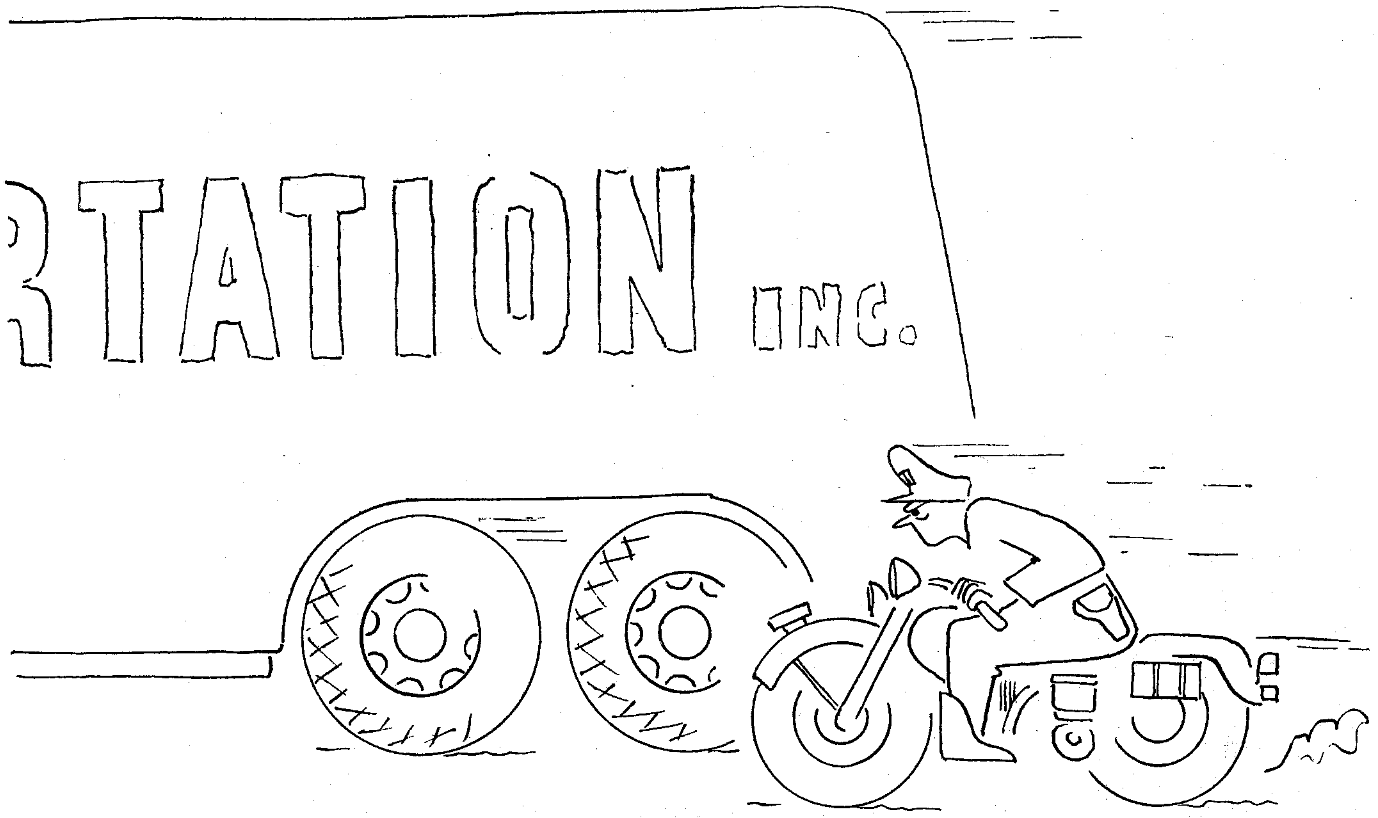
War Loan Drive—The C.D.V.O. is recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening selling bonds or doing clerical work in connection with the Drive.

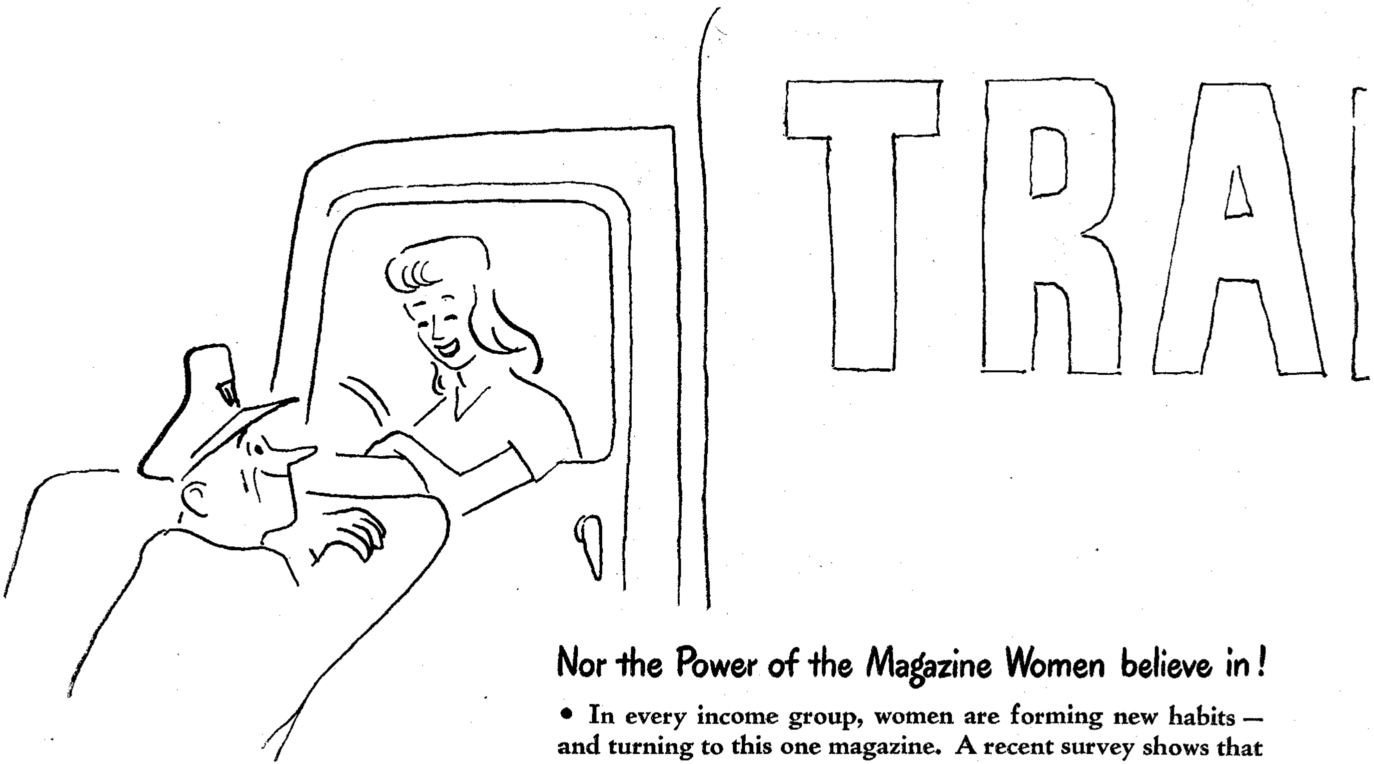
Salvage—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for bombs, blasting powder, and shells. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government requests that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as its factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th (MU 3-1948). . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be made into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for Christmas packages to be sent overseas. For information about size, contents, etc., call the A.W.V.S. office. The organization will also arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to donate for the use of servicemen. Phonographs, radios, and athletic paraphernalia can all be used, and cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss and Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

- In every income group, women are forming new habits — and turning to this one magazine. A recent survey shows that among new Journal subscribers, 45 per cent live in homes where more than one member of the family are working — 25 per cent in homes with women workers.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

World's largest audited magazine circulation

The Sweetest Notes a Bugler Ever Played

Yes, that's the mail call.

To an American soldier, it's sweeter music than a Beethoven Symphony.

Mail counts a lot when there's an ocean between you and home. Mail brings into focus things that seem unbearably far off sometimes: Mom's apple pie, touch football on Sunday afternoons, even squabbles with Sis over who gets the bathroom first.

Is it because writing letters takes so little trouble that you and I forget it, in the patriotic glow of increased War Bond purchases, blood donations, and extra hours at War work? Make no mistake; those things are important. Every one of them counts.

• Send your Overseas Christmas mail NOW!

But the contribution the boys appreciate most is the smaller one of sitting down at your desk, and filling your pen, and starting in. You don't have to wait for big news. They get enough of that; they're *living* it right now. They'd rather you sent the *little* news—of people, and things, in your town. And they'd like you to send it now.

Will you?

We ask it for them. And we ask it because to us, specialists in creative work, this small task of writing letters seems one of the most important creative jobs in America today.

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creating an aura of loveliness
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these exquisite Chanel accessories to charm . . .

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THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS

The hospitals of America . . . private, public and governmental . . . fight a never-ending battle against disease and death.

Because the Nation's health is vital to total war effort, hospital service is now more essential than ever.

And more difficult, too. Most hospitals are crowded. Doctors, nurses and technicians by the thousands have been called to war. Some supplies are scarce.

Help *your* hospital all you can. Support it through the community chest. Join the Nurses Aides.* Let your hospital know that you value its contribution to your city's welfare.

★ ★ ★

Libbey is proud to be the supplier of much of the essential glassware needed by hospitals for serving patients and staff. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio. Established 1818.

***NURSES AIDES ARE NEEDED**

You can work for victory by serving in your local hospital as a Nurses Aide. Ask your Red Cross chapter for full details of this patriotic service.

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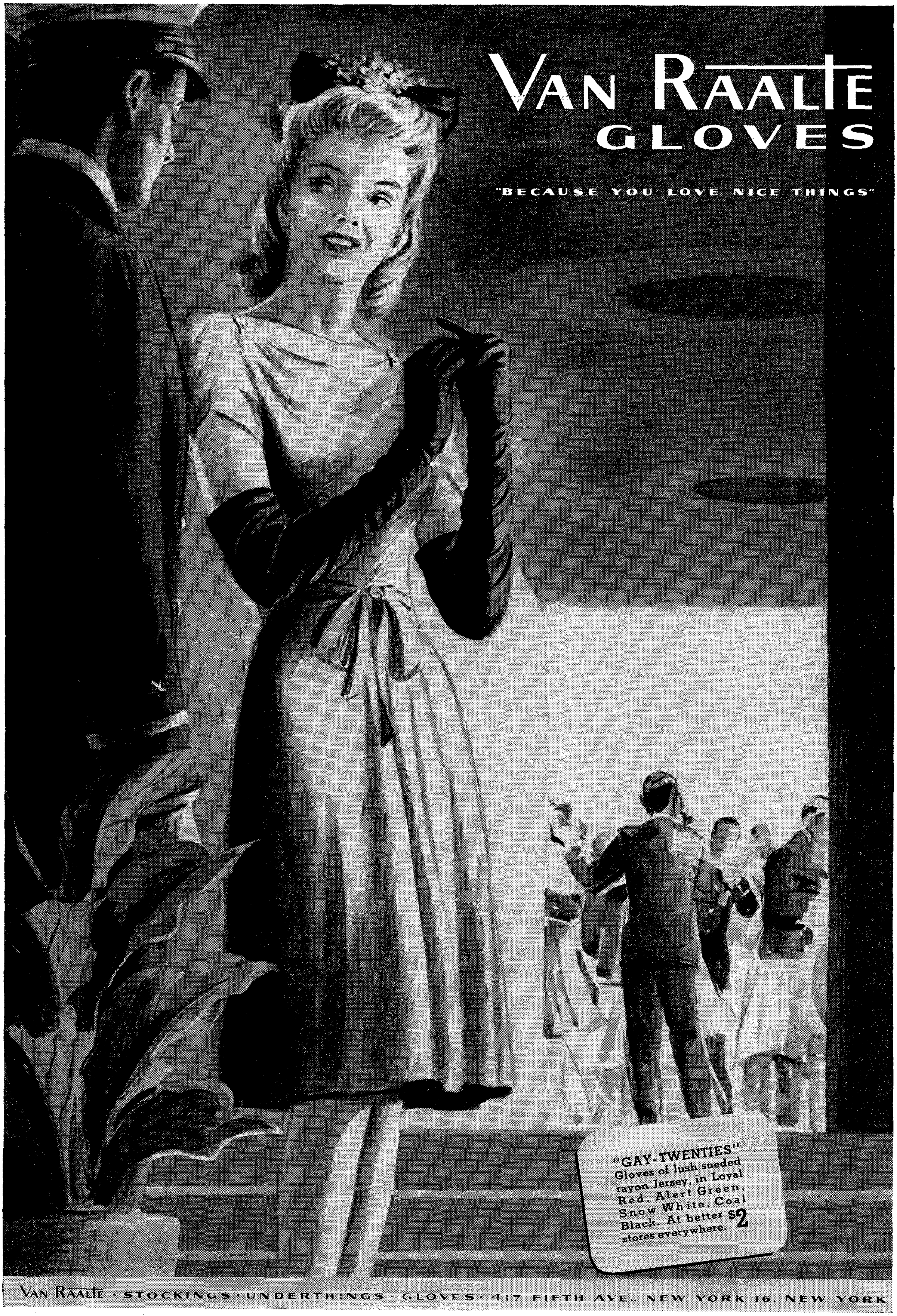
SERVING THOSE WHO SERVE AMERICA.



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Gloves of lush sueded rayon Jersey, in Loyal Red, Alert Green, Snow White, Coal Black. At better stores everywhere. $2

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"I had a dream in Sicily last night . . ."

"There she was . . . standing in the front yard
With the sun in her hair
And I was running fast as I could to meet her
But it seemed awful slow . . .
Then she was in my arms
Laughing and crying
So happy . . .
Then I was eating blueberry pie . . .
Oven-warm and full of juicy ripe berries
Fresh out of the garden . . .
And Mom kept offering me more.
Next thing I knew I was down at the plant
And Mr. Anderson was shaking my hand
And sayin' . . . 'We kept that place for you, John!'
Everybody cheered and I was working hard . . .
Getting somewhere at last . . .
Then I woke up . . .
To another day of sweat and blood and killing.
My dream was a long way off."

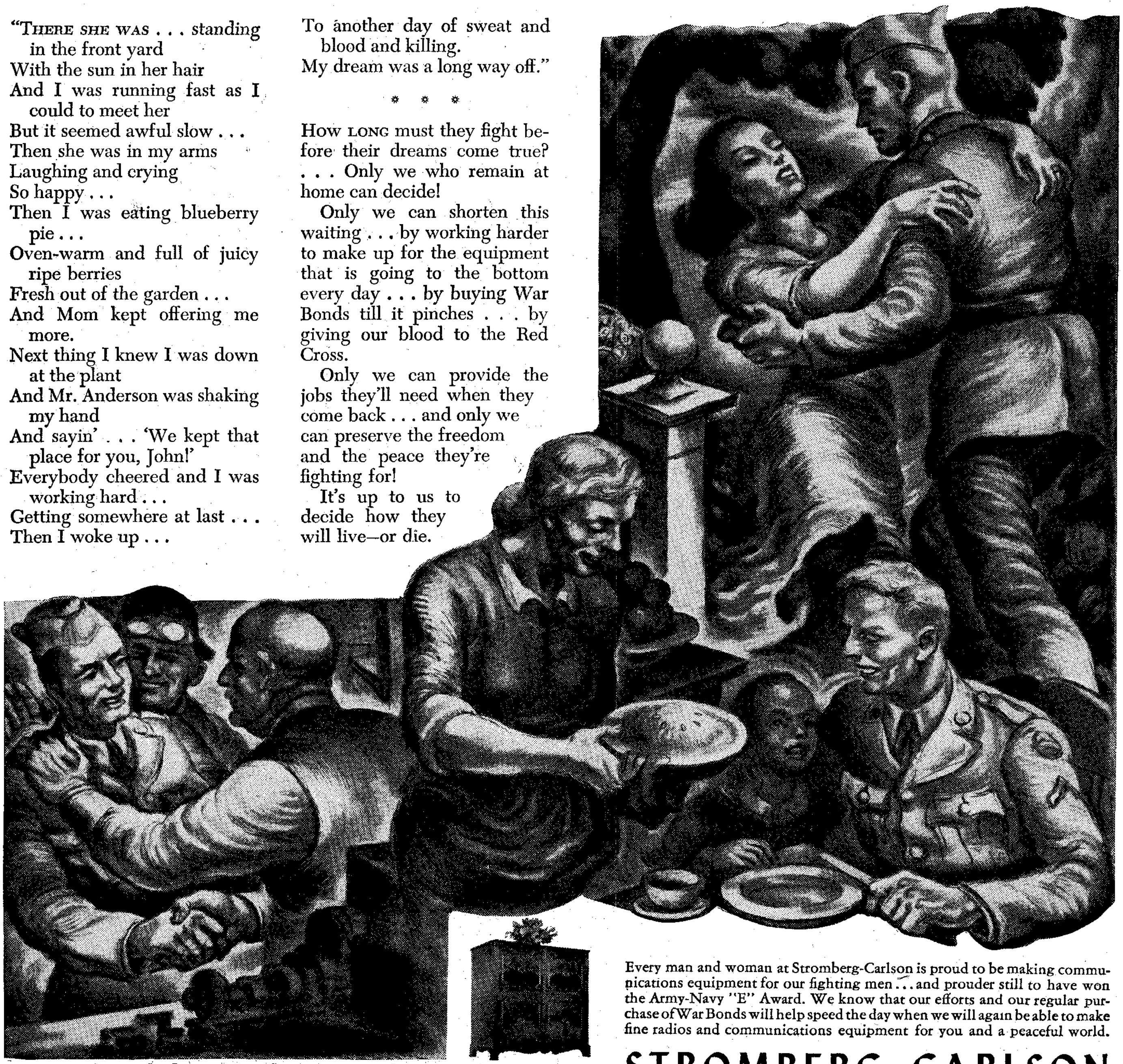
* * *

How long must they fight before their dreams come true? . . . Only we who remain at home can decide!

Only we can shorten this waiting . . . by working harder to make up for the equipment that is going to the bottom every day . . . by buying War Bonds till it pinches . . . by giving our blood to the Red Cross.

Only we can provide the jobs they'll need when they come back . . . and only we can preserve the freedom and the peace they're fighting for!

It's up to us to decide how they will live—or die.



Every man and woman at Stromberg-Carlson is proud to be making communications equipment for our fighting men . . . and prouder still to have won the Army-Navy "E" Award. We know that our efforts and our regular purchase of War Bonds will help speed the day when we will again be able to make fine radios and communications equipment for you and a peaceful world.

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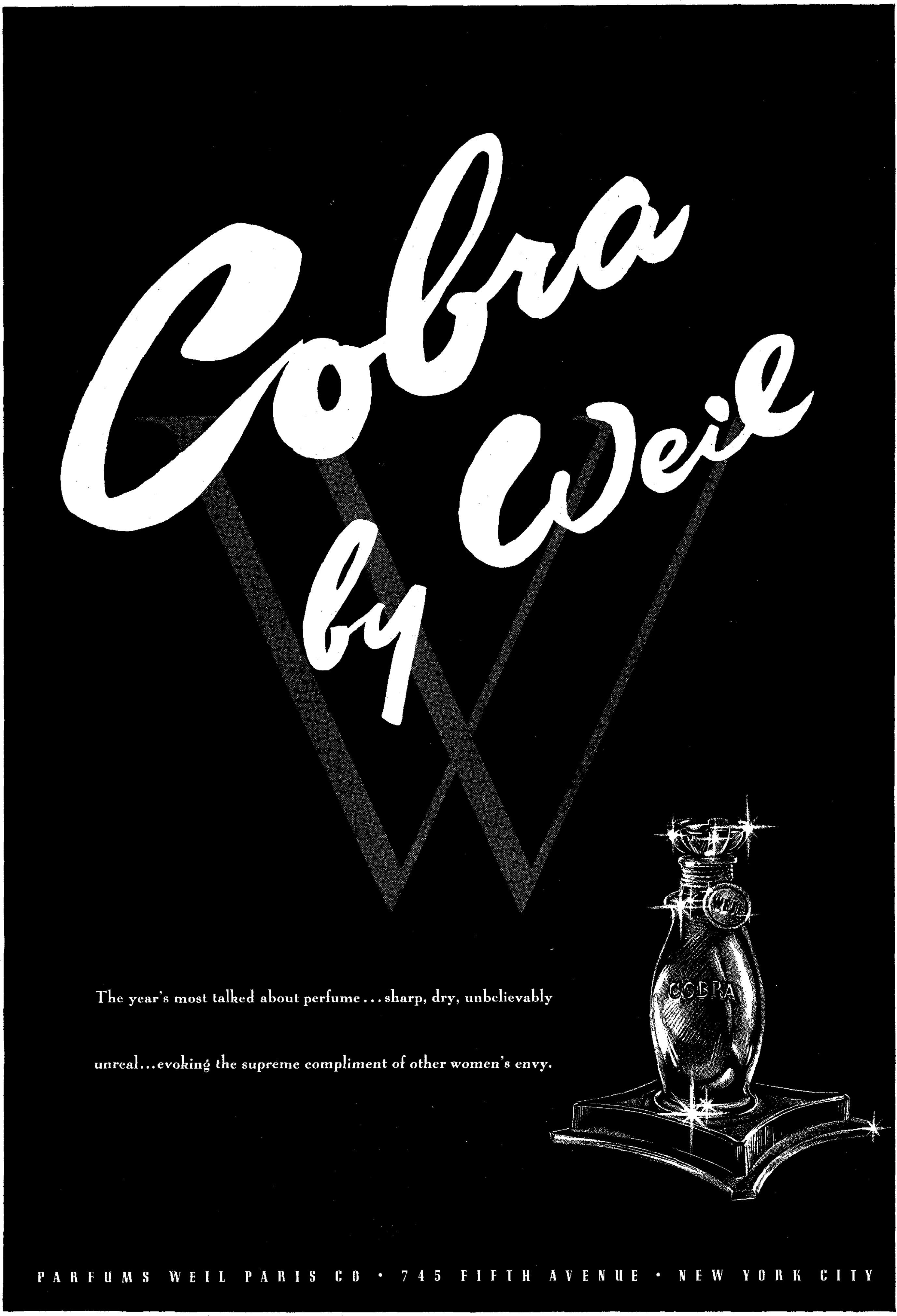
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COBRA

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"black tie". . . dated for dancing in Altman's new bow blouses, frilled and ruffled and worn with skirts that whirl and flare as you waltz. Left: ruffled blouse in white, yellow, or pink rayon crepe, 12.95. Right: drawstring blouse in white, lime, pink, or blue rayon crepe, 9.95. Both, sizes 32 to 38. Worn with black rayon velveteen skirt. Sizes 12 to 16, 6.95 Altman blouse and skirt fashions, third floor

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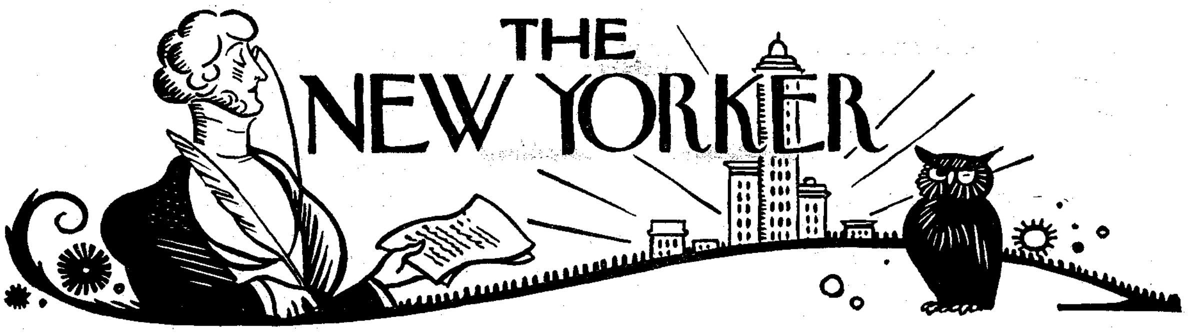


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

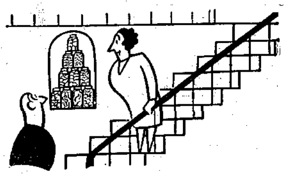
SIGN OF THE TIMES NOTE: A friend of ours tells us that the janitor in his building sent an ultimatum to the owner informing him that he was tired of his dingy basement apartment and intended to leave unless he got a fifth-floor apartment, with terrace.

IN his Harvard speech, Mr. Churchill said he liked to think of British and Americans moving about freely over each other's wide estates with hardly a sense of being foreigners to one another. We like to think of that, too; it is a most agreeable thought. One thing we better avoid, though, in messing about from one estate to another, is the other fellow's baseball diamonds and cricket creases. Either avoid them or learn the games. There can be no common citizenship without it. The other day we were poring over an English sportswriter's account of an American ball game at Wembley Stadium, and although his prose style could have served as well for a critique of the ballet or a play-by-play report of a baby parade, something in his astonishment at the "nervous anxiety of players," something in his discouragement because the "pitching was too good for the batting," made us suspect that he was innocently witnessing a no-hit game. Later, from secret military and recreational sources, we learned that that was exactly the case. Obviously there can be no stable world order based on Anglo-American solidarity until an Englishman knows a no-hit game when he sees one. Same goes for us and cricket, a loose, purposeless diversion which Americans find utterly fantastic and inexplicable.

WE came across one of our favorite sentences in English literature last week in an essay a child had written about the war. "The battle," it said, "was getting ready to have itself." The peculiar grievance of most writers is that they are at the mercy of editors and proofreaders, who rearrange their syntax in a pure though highhanded manner. Staring at the lovely confusion of words in this essay, we wished we'd written them ourself. No living editor could get anywhere with that sentence, we thought; with any kind of luck it might even drive a lot of editors crazy.

HAVING finally got around to reading "Gideon Planish," we reread a few of the reviews. The reason for this was that we had been impressed by a minor literary dispute between the book-review departments of the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* that appears to have attracted no notice. The *Tribune* review said, "Any estimate of a Sinclair Lewis novel ought to fix its importance in relation to the rest of his work. . . . 'Gideon Planish' probably belongs somewhere between 'Elmer Gantry' and 'Arrowsmith.' " The next day the *Times* countered, "The answer . . . is that 'Gideon Planish' falls exactly in the middle of the Lewis novel roll call. It's much better than 'Bethel Merriday' and nowhere near as good as 'Arrowsmith,' or, we might as well get this settled exactly, it's just a cut or two below 'Dodsworth.' " We would like to enter this discussion ourself. Personally, we place the book exactly six and one-quarter inches this side of "Arrowsmith" and about four millimetres to the left of "It Can't Happen Here." Or approximately a five-block walk from "Ann Vickers" on a warm day. Applying geometry, we conclude that "Gideon Planish" would form the hypotenuse of a right triangle made up of "Bethel Merriday," "Elmer Gantry," and itself, but would be merely the shortest side of a second triangle that included "Main Street" and "Babbitt." As a matter of plain record, we've placed the book on our bedside table between an old *National Geographic* and an ice pack, and that's where it will probably stay for a while.

WE are delighted to see the exhilaration of ladies who have taken up practical and sensible work, such as growing and canning a few vegetables. Often their pride and excitement are so great that they can't bear to put the stuff down cellar, where it belongs, but arrange it artfully in the front hall for visitors to admire. (We recently encountered a very flashy collection of fruits, vegetables, and meats in a niche on the stairs of a duplex. It was quite pretty, except the chicken, which, under glass, seemed a little sick.)



Hand in hand with pride of creation, in such households, goes the dark spectre of botulism, or death-in-a-jar-of-beans. A scientist friend of ours has sent us a gay, racy report on *bacillus botulinus.* "If you think you have eaten food containing botulinus poison," he says, "get drunk immediately—it is the only known sure cure." Since there is no possible means of knowing when you have taken the lethal jar, the sole safe course, as far as we can see, is to get drunk and stay drunk. Some persons will prefer to wait until they feel the first symptoms, but they will have to act quickly; one of the first effects of botulism is loss of ability to swallow.

To the Cleaners

A GIRL we know sent her favorite frock to the cleaning-and-dyeing man, and didn't get it back. It was lost; finally even the cleaning-and-dyeing man admitted that and asked to have her price on it so he could report the matter to his insurance company. In due time the money arrived—the exact sum the girl had asked for, minus seventy-five cents. There was a note from the cleaning-and-dyeing man, explaining the deduction. It was the charge she would have had to pay for the work he'd have done if he hadn't lost the dress.

Confusion

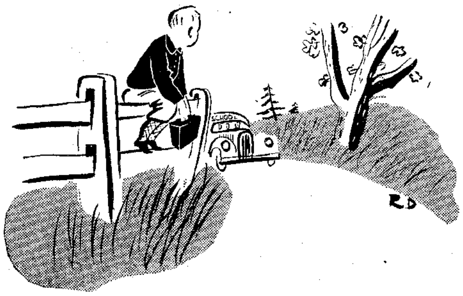
IT may be that you would not criticize the motion-picture industry so severely if you knew some of the things it has to put up with. For instance, the fact that the telephone number of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's local office is Bryant 9-7800 and that of the local Paramount office Bryant 9-8700. This leads to so much confusion that occasionally whole days go by without either Paramount or M-G-M getting anything accomplished. It's a good deal harder on M-G-M than on Paramount, because M-G-M gets hundreds of Paramount's calls every day, while Paramount gets comparatively few of M-G-M's—comparatively few, but plenty. There is a simple psychological reason for the fact that M-G-M has a heavier traffic in wrong numbers; Bryant 9-7800 is also the number for an affiliated local radio station, WHN. In the days of the amateur programs conducted by Major Bowes, the audience was told to call Bryant 9-7800 to cast its votes. The number was repeated over and over every Sunday night and became something of a household term in certain circles, including the amusement world, which takes in most of the people who would naturally have business with Paramount.

All right. Now suppose you want to call Mr. Clark at Paramount. You think you remember Paramount's number, but actually you are confused by memories of the Major's voice having told you to call Bryant 9-7800. You are connected with M-G-M, but the operator there doesn't tell you so. She merely says "Bryant 9-7800." Again there is a very good reason for this, although practical rather than psychological: the number is shared by M-G-M, Loew's, and Station WHN. Plainly, the operator can't go into all this. Well, you ask for Mr. Clark, and, by George, you *get* Mr. Clark. M-G-M has a Mr. Clark, too. Exactly when you find out that you have the wrong Mr. Clark is just pure chance; it's reasonable to suppose that some people have never found it out. It isn't a mere matter of the wrong Mr. Clark, either; Paramount and M-G-M each have one or more employees in their local offices named Cohen, Friedman, and Sullivan.

The brunt of this confusion is borne by a lady named Florence Flynn, who has been a telephone girl in show business for thirty years, and is now M-G-M's chief operator. Miss Flynn, who is actually a matron but refused to tell us her married name when we stopped in to interview her on the situation, has reached a state of detached pessimism about the telephone public, and nothing that could happen over a telephone would surprise her any more. "A man will call up and ask for Mr. Moss, for instance," she told us. "I say, 'Which Mr. Moss?' He says, 'The one I talked to yesterday.' Or 'The one with a cold.' Or 'The one with the diamond ring.' " Miss Flynn brooded a bit, then added, "In order to cope with the average person over the phone, a telephone operator has to have more intelligence than the average person." The M-G-M-Paramount mixup has been going on for a year now, ever since Paramount was assigned the Bryant 9-8700 number. Miss Flynn was at first inclined to suspect the telephone company of practical joking but has since found out that it couldn't be helped. This was because of technical reasons too complicated for us to follow.

Bedaux the Beaver

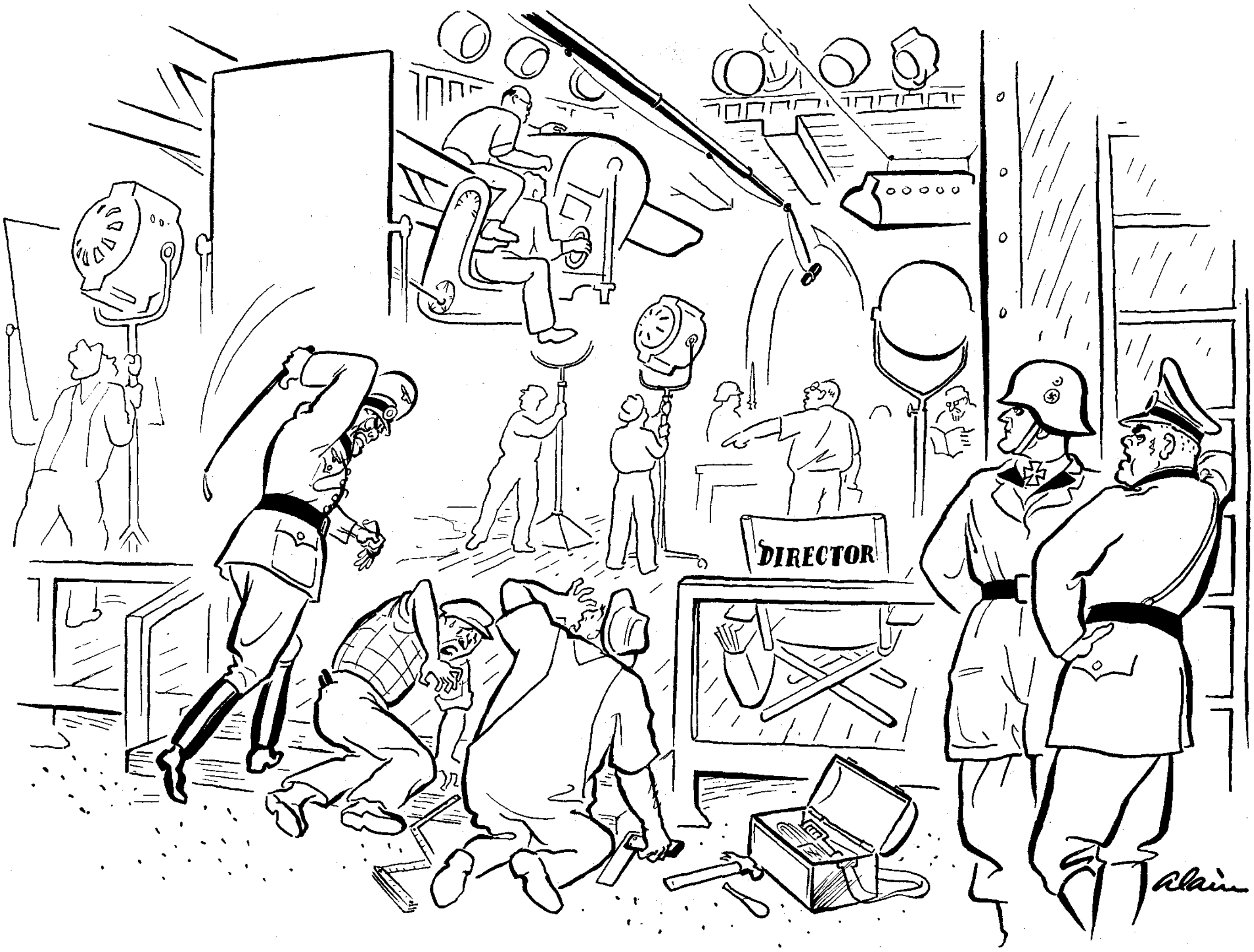
A LADY reporter from *PM* turned up the other day in the office of a comic-strip-magazine editress and inquired in a forthright way what she was doing about the war effort. After apologizing for the inevitable limitations of her particular medium, the editress said that Victory gardening was being plugged in one of her periodicals, *Funny Animals*. "Benny the Beaver has started a Victory garden," she told the *PM* lady. "But he's so lazy that he can't keep the garden weeded. So he makes himself a sort of metronome that can go fast or slow, whichever way he wants to set it. When he has a lot of weeding to be done, he starts the metronome going fast and gets the weeding done in no time at all." The lady reporter listened in chilly silence, jotting down a note or two. "I take it, then," she finally said, "that you believe in the speed-up system."



Dangerous Pianos

URIC acid in the blood stream is no joke, according to Mr. W. J. Graham, a piano tuner we've been talking to, and it's a wonder to him that more people don't avoid it by having their pianos tuned at least three or four times a year. If you're a piano owner, you may have received one of Mr. Graham's professional cards, which have broken out like a rash lately. They read, in part, "A piano out of tune overworks and starves the nervous system, allowing excess uric acid to enter the blood stream unutilized, causing myriad ailments, etc." Several of these cards fell into our hands and we looked Mr. Graham up right away. We found him a tall, dreamy, white-haired gentleman who was at the moment in the process of moving from the address on his card, 244 West Forty-eighth Street, a brownstone. He was standing outside the house when we arrived and led us into a quiet laundry shop in the basement, where he told us more about the perils of faulty pitch.

"This is a big thing," he said. "Even I don't know the full size of it yet." Briefly and without recourse to medical documentation, here is Mr. Graham's theory: Healthy nerves store hydrochloric acid, which combats uric acid. Nerves, in order to be healthy, must have the proper vibrations. If they don't get them, they become sluggish, and uric acid slips past them and into the blood stream. "Uric acid goes over a sleeping nerve like a burglar over a sleeping policeman," Mr. Graham told us. A nerve, it seems, begins to get drowsy if it is subjected for any length of time to a piano that is not tuned to the standard 440-A (440 vibrations a second at the A below middle C). "If this situation exists for as long as a year,"



"Weaver's really not a bad guy. He just lives his rôles every minute."

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Mr. Graham said, "there will be biological disturbances to any degree up to terrific. Say the parents get their child a piano to learn on and they let it go for a year. That house will be a mess. Thirty-one illnesses can result from hyperacidity. At the end of two years the mother sneaks the piano out of the house, and that's that."

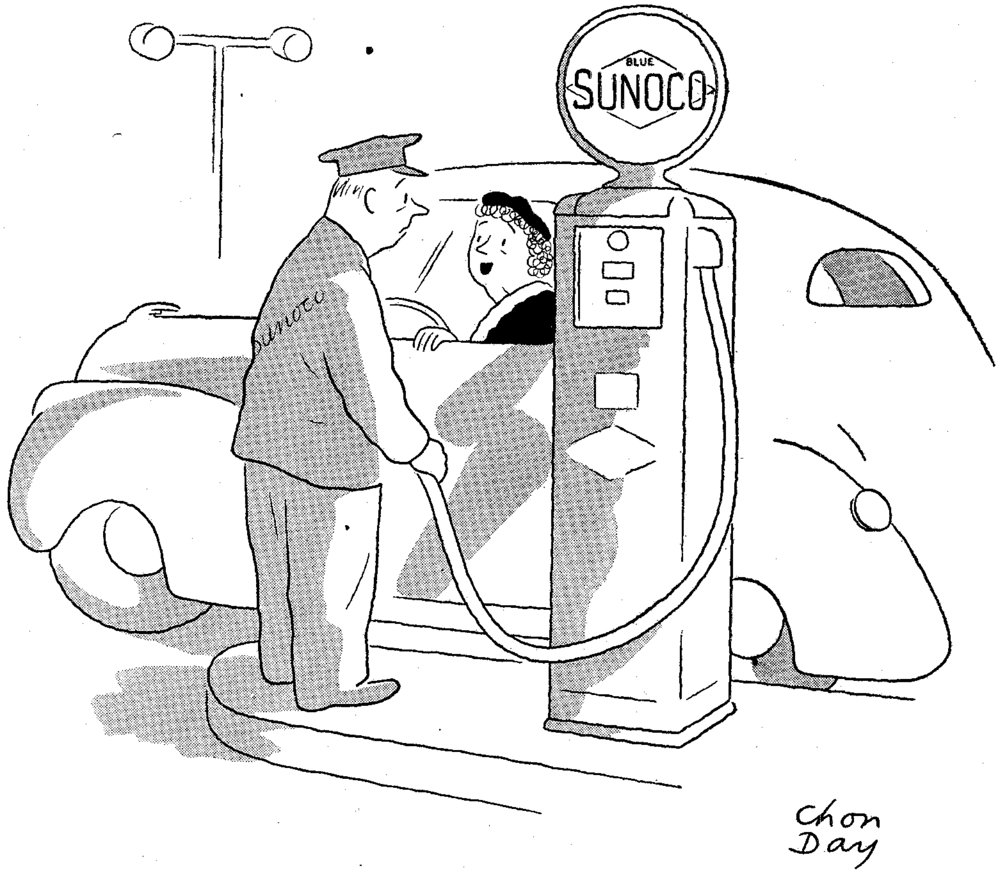
Being a humanitarian, Mr. Graham is grieved at the effect of an untuned piano on some households. "If I knock at a door and ask if they want their piano tuned and the woman slams the door in my face, then I feel terrible," he said. "I know what's wrong in there." He said that he used to be able to recognize an untuned piano just by the smell of the room it was in but that he has been having trouble with his nose the past couple of years and can't tell that way any more. "I think it was the moths I could smell," he said. "The moths like to eat the felt, you know, but they don't like it when the piano's in tune. Once, when I had a piano only half tuned, the moths came flapping out. They couldn't stand it."

Mr. Graham has been at his trade most of his life. He was born in Iowa sixty-two years ago and played the cornet and the steam calliope on Mississippi showboats in his early youth, but he soon settled down to tuning pianos. He has never married. "Tried to three times and figured that was enough," he told us. His life has been full enough, though, at least since he has been aware of the vital nature of his work. "I sometimes think that all the neighbors should chip in to have a piano tuned," he said. "I have estimated that the danger zone lies within a radius of thirty-six feet of the instrument, but the whole environment may be filled with depression. Take a fellow that's working on one of these night shifts. He's home during the day and there's a piano across the way that's out of tune. Before he knows what's happening, he gets sick and he loses his job and it may not be much longer before they're carrying him away. I don't like to put it that strong because people don't like to hear it, but I've seen it happen."

The thing may be even bigger than that, for all Mr. Graham knows. He isn't sure but what people everywhere in the world just aren't feeling well right now, and he may know the reason. "I sometimes say," he told us, "that if all the pianos could be miraculously tuned today, the war would be over before you could say 'George M. Cohan,' God rest his soul in peace."

Help Wanted

LAST week a sign was put up outside an uptown pharmacy—a hopeless little sign that read, "Wanted, Soda-Fountain Clerk. Full or Part Time. Experienced or Inexperienced. Man or Woman." After the sign had been there three or four days, some thoughtful



"I just stopped by to have my windshield cleaned and to tell you how much I enjoyed Lowell Thomas."

passerby pencilled in an addition: "Dead or alive."

Botanists at War

A QUIET backwater of the world conflict is the New York Botanical Garden, whose staff continues to dispense advice and encouragement to people seeking to circumvent wartime shortages of various growing things. Since we last reported on this matter, the staff has taken a hand in overcoming the shortage of quinine—a serious shortage indeed, considering the number of troops we have stationed in the tropics—by teaching field workers attached to the Office of Economic Warfare to recognize, in a wild state, the cinchona tree, whose bark is the natural source of quinine. Java, now of course held by the Japs, was the only region that raised cinchona commercially in any quantity, but the tree grows plentifully in the jungles of Central and South America. The OEW men, all graduate cinchona-spotters, are now roaming the jungles, blazing all the cinchona trees they can find. The bark is harvested by native labor and shipped to this country.

The cutting off of our supply of Manila hemp from the Philippines has left us rather embarrassed as far as heavy-duty rope goes, but the Botanical Garden staff knows of at least one attempt to find a substitute. A couple of men were in with what they said was an ancient Aztec method of making rope from the fibre of a certain pineapple plant which grows in Latin America. They wanted assistance in putting the formula into scientific terms, so it could be patented. Castor oil, as everybody knows, is highly useful in airplane engines, and the Botanical Garden has helped government research men find out exactly what variety of castor bean yields the most oil with the least trouble. And this country's makers of bottle corks, unable to get much cork out of Spain, have checked with the Botanical Garden on the possibility of adapting the cork oak to life in the United States. Prospects are none too good, it seems, but you can't keep a cork man down, and experimental plantations have been started in the South and the West.

Coffee rationing resulted in the Botanical Garden's getting a call some time ago from a vice-president of the Grace National Bank who wanted to know all about chick peas, which he had heard were used by the Mexicans as a "stretcher" for coffee. The Garden staff said they were, but of course the whole matter has since become academic. With the advice and blessing of the Botanical Garden, a man down in Virginia has started a pyrethrum plantation. Pyrethrum, which in the good old days was brought in plentifully from British East Africa, is the essential ingredient of most of the non-dangerous domestic insecticides. The pipe department of Alfred Dunhill, whose supply of Mediterranean briar was cut off until Rommel's defeat, fooled about with the idea of using the root of the mesquite, a desert plant, seeking advice from the Botanical Garden experts as to where it could best be harvested. As far as the Botanical people know, Dunhill never made any mesquite pipes, and presumably never will now.

The Army has benefited in various ways from instruction by the Botanical Garden staff. The engineers and camouflage men, for instance, were given information about the fastest-growing and toughest grasses, useful both for concealing the outlines of a military installation and for preventing the erosion of earthworks. Another thing: the Army used to warn its men in the field never to touch a primrose; someone in authority had got the idea that the primrose was as bad as poison ivy. The Botanical Garden was able to assure the Army that the domestic primrose is as harmless as a buttercup. There is a poisonous variety, but it grows only in Asia.

Fancy-Free

WAITING for a green light to let him across Times Square, a friend of ours stood behind two pretty maidens of nineteen or twenty. One of them remarked, "Last night I was out with Rocco—you remember Rocco, he just did three months for cuttin' up his girl friend." "Well, just watch out he don't do it to *you*," said the other, evidently the conservative, thoughtful type. "Nah," her friend said. "We ain't serious."

One World

RATHER casually, as such things seem to happen these days, a truckload of American soldiers pulled into a little village in the hinterland of China where, as it turned out, no Occidental had ever set foot before. Among the crowd of natives who surrounded the soldiers was a dignified, pigtailed old gentleman who addressed them in English, explaining that he had once lived in the States. He and the soldiers had quite a pleasant chat until it was time for the truck to get going again. As they were all climbing back in, the old Chinese raised his voice to ask, "Are any of you Quakers?" They told him no, and he nodded sternly. "Good," he said, and walked away with no further comment.

Sforza

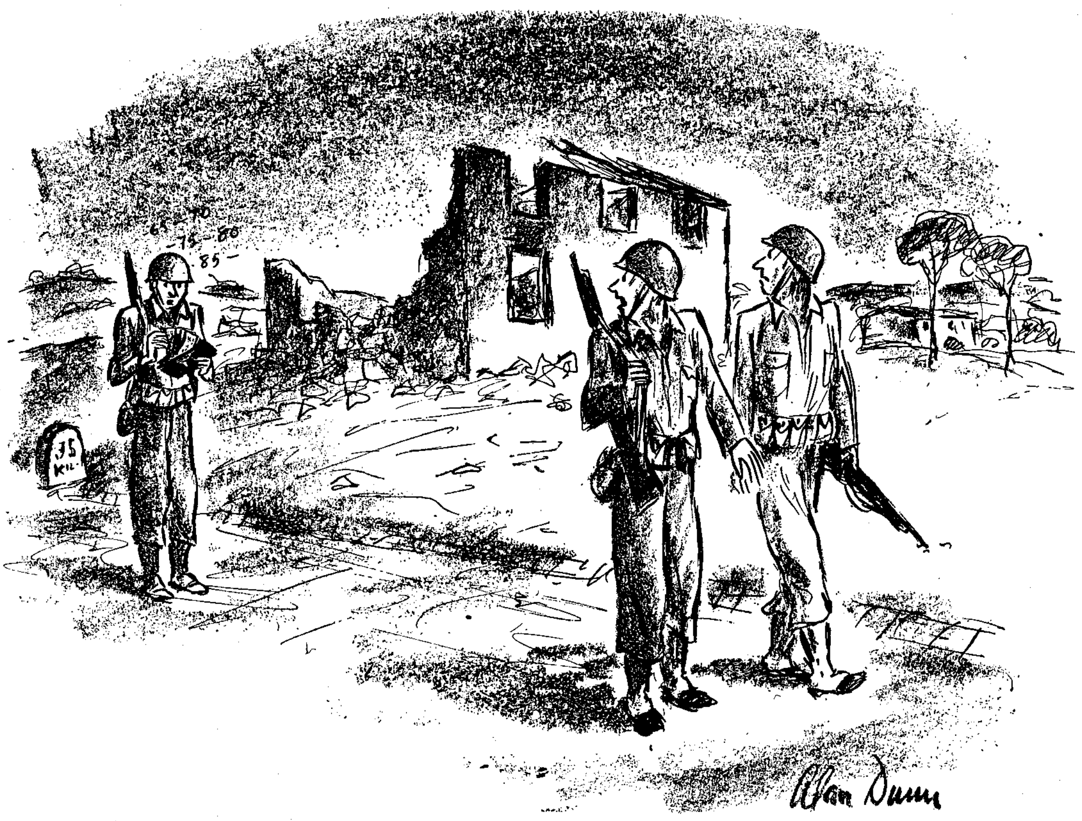
SHORTLY after we learned that Italy had surrendered, we had a talk with Count Carlo Sforza, who for the last three years has been Italy's leading anti-Fascist refugee in this country. At seventy-one, Sforza is erect and handsome, with a closely trimmed white beard, an inconspicuous, black-rimmed monocle, and an apartment on East Ninety-third Street. His background is rather fantastic for the political liberal that he is: his family tree goes back to 1369, and he's the seventeenth Count Sforza. In the pre-Fascist days, he saw diplomatic service all over the world. He served four years in Peking, as Minister Plenipotentiary to China, and while there developed a theory that all royal families are under a special sort of curse—they die but don't realize that they are dead. "There was a boy emperor when I was there," he says. "His uncle was regent. It was like ancient Rome—decaying." He's convinced that the House of Savoy has come to the same pass. "It has reached its curse, its end, mentally, physically, and morally," he said.

Sforza was the Italian Ambassador to France at the time of Mussolini's march on Rome. Within two hours after taking over, Mussolini was trying, through emissaries, to persuade him to become Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new cabinet. "I knew even then he was feeble," Sforza says. "Violence comes from being feeble." Sforza told Mussolini that he would have no part of a regime of adventure, because such a regime was sure to lead to war. He then resigned, returned to Rome, and had it out with Mussolini, who said, among other things, that he, Sforza, could be executed. Sforza remembers that Mussolini was curiously graphic about this threat; what he actually said was that he could have twelve bullets put into him. Sforza replied that the twelve bullets would certainly kill him, and that this would certainly get Mussolini into trouble, since murder was an inadvisable political weapon.

One of the reasons Mussolini offered Sforza the cabinet post was that Sforza had made a good many effective speeches against d'Annunzio. "As a minor prima donna," Sforza explained to us, "Mussolini was eager to see the major prima donna destroyed." Even after the bust-up, Sforza apparently still impressed Mussolini enough to be safe from assassination. However, the Black Shirts did everything short of assassination, pushing Sforza and his family around and finally burning down their villa, and in 1928 he went to France with his wife and his son and daughter. The last straw was Sforza's discovery that Mussolini had been using him as a stooge, arguing to the British Ambassador that the Fascist regime couldn't be considered tyrannical, since a Sforza was allowed to make anti-Mussolini speeches in the Senate. The family remained in France until the country's collapse and then went to England, coming here shortly afterward. Sforza is anxious now to return to Italy, which he believes is going to surprise everybody by becoming a republic and making a quick comeback. "Italy is at home in reconstruction following tragedy," he says. "It is our special technical ability." He says that if he had been in Rome last week and had had a whack at history, he would not have signed the surrender but would have signed a declaration of war on Germany instead.

Recommendation

IT seems that this fellow's two aunts from Philadelphia spent a long weekend here in town, stopping at the Plaza, visiting Radio City, and having a high time generally. This fellow, who has a keenly developed sense of what aunts will or will not like, told them that if they had a spare evening they should be sure to go to "Rosalinda." "I promise you you'll love the music," he told them. Subsequently he was called on the telephone by one of the aunts, who indignantly told him she didn't think much of his advice. "We went to 'Rosalinda,' and it was *most* peculiar," she said. "We didn't care a bit for the music, and besides a couple of perfectly strange men asked us if we wanted to dance with them." Clinging desperately to his sanity, the nephew questioned her at length and finally discovered that they hadn't gone to "Rosalinda." They had made a mistake which was perhaps natural for myopic Philadelphia ladies and had gone instead to Roseland.



"Holy smoke, it wasn't a booby trap!"

THE NEXT-TO-LAST DANCE OF THE SEASON

IT was not the last dance of the summer. There would be one more, which was to be as much of a gala as there could be under the present circumstances. The women were marshalling and pooling their points for the dinner parties that would take place before the final dance. They were saving their nicest dresses and watching their gasoline coupons so they could wait until the next Friday, the very last minute, to drive the fifteen miles—thirty for the round trip—to the nearest good hairdresser. This harassed individual was having the devil's own time trying to satisfy all her customers with appointments for that one day, and almost every request for a half hour of her time carried with it some pleading, a bribe, or both. But of course no threats of discontinued patronage. Not this year.

A good many of the husbands were not coming down to the country for this dance. They too were saving up for the final one. Some of them were going to do some extra work, and a few had no great amount of work in mind, but in either case the men who stayed in town this weekend were doing so because the final dance was a must. Sons in the armed forces knew without being reminded that they were wanted and expected next week. The younger girls were urging them to be on their good behavior and remain eligible for leaves. Servants were given extra time off against the extra work they would inevitably be asked to do the next week. The tradespeople were being handled with extraordinary care, and especially the proprietors of the three filling stations, who were rather spoiled already.

The flags and the bunting were stored in the club office. Sonny Wine had promised he would appear with an augmented orchestra. The House Committee had O.K.'d the bar order back early in August, to assure delivery in plenty of time. All things considered, the final dance of the season was being well planned, and you didn't really have to add "under the present circumstances."

And yet sometime late in the afternoon of the semi-final dance there began to be something in the air. There was the obvious fact that it threatened rain. Around three o'clock the lovely breeze from the southwest shifted to the west and northwest, but suddenly shifted back again a few minutes past five. By that time the good, browning sun had gone for the day and the swimmers were on their way home or on the tennis courts. But it was something other than the weather that affected people this particular afternoon. It may have been the simple fact that tonight's dance was going to be a relaxed sort of affair, with none of the elaborate preparations that were being made for the final shindig. Only five or six women planned to dress for tonight's dance and not a few of the men were wearing the same white ducks they had worn to the beach in the morning. At the most there were three small dinner parties planned at the club for the evening; everybody else was eating at home. Not a single sizable cocktail party had been arranged. And yet around five-thirty things began to happen.

IT is manifestly impossible to determine which was the first occurrence that started the rather remarkable series of events on the evening of the next-to-last dance of the season. But, sticking to the actual facts, it is absolutely true that at exactly five twenty-eight Mary Choate said "Hello, Doris" to Doris Cantwell. Both girls were on their bicycles on their way to their respective homes. As everyone in the community knew, Mary Choate never in her life had spoken to Doris Cantwell. Mary spoke to no one who had not been summering in the community for thirteen years, or, roughly, since the Crash. The girls were of an age—thirty. They never had quarrelled, nor was there any trouble between the Cantwells and the Choates. It was just that Mary never had said a word to Doris Cantwell until this particular afternoon. Doris nearly fell off her bicycle, and Mary had pedalled away before Doris was able to return the greeting. The confusion engendered in Doris's mind may well be imagined.

A minute later, in another part of the village, Sam Ainsley, who was down to his shorts, said to his wife, Vera, who still had on the white sharkskin dress she'd been playing tennis in, "Go ahead. You take your bath first."

"What!" exclaimed Vera. This reversal of the Ainsleys' bathing order shattered a tradition of nineteen years' standing, or, in other words, took them back to the second summer of their marriage. Unfortunately, Vera did not take advantage of Sam's offer. Being a practical woman, she argued that Sam was ready for his bath and she was still dressed. Sam pointed out that what she had on could be taken off in less than sixty seconds, but Vera was stern. Sam warned her she might catch cold, and Vera replied that she never had before so why didn't he stop arguing. Sam yielded, went in, and was singing of D.K.E., the mother of jollity, whose children are gay and free, and thus did not hear Vera's sneeze. This served her right, as at that precise moment she was wondering if perhaps Sam wasn't getting some of his mail at the University Club.

Things were quiet in the village for the next ten minutes. Then Rouge, a three-gaited bay mare owned by some people called Scott, reared up while being rubbed down, jumped a six-foot fence, and was shot by Coast Guardsmen at one-thirty the next morning. Rouge would have been nine years old the first of the year.

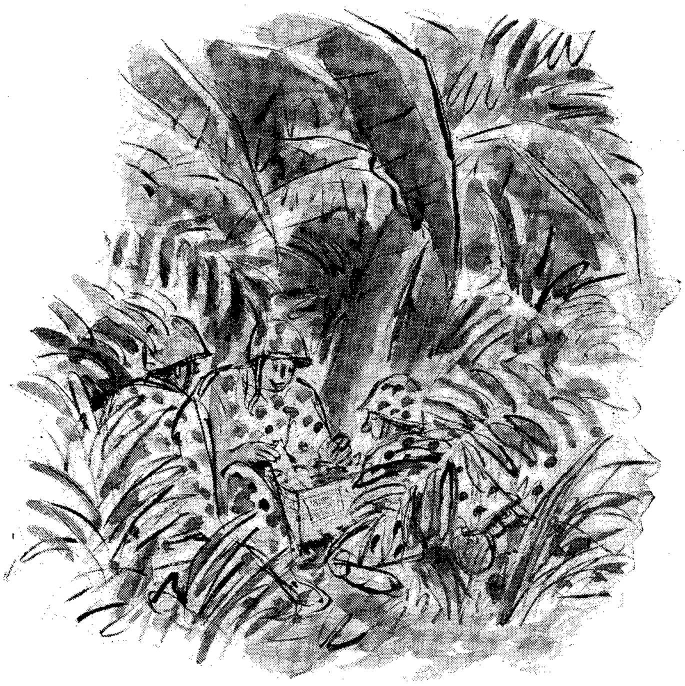
At six, or thereabouts, Elton Ponsonby, who is a man in his late forties, telephoned Mrs. Hagedorn, a lady old enough to be his mother, and said, "Mizz Hagedorn, thiz Elton Ponsonby. I just heard you said I never draw a sober breath."

"Now Elton," said Mrs. Hagedorn, who had known Elton's mother very well.

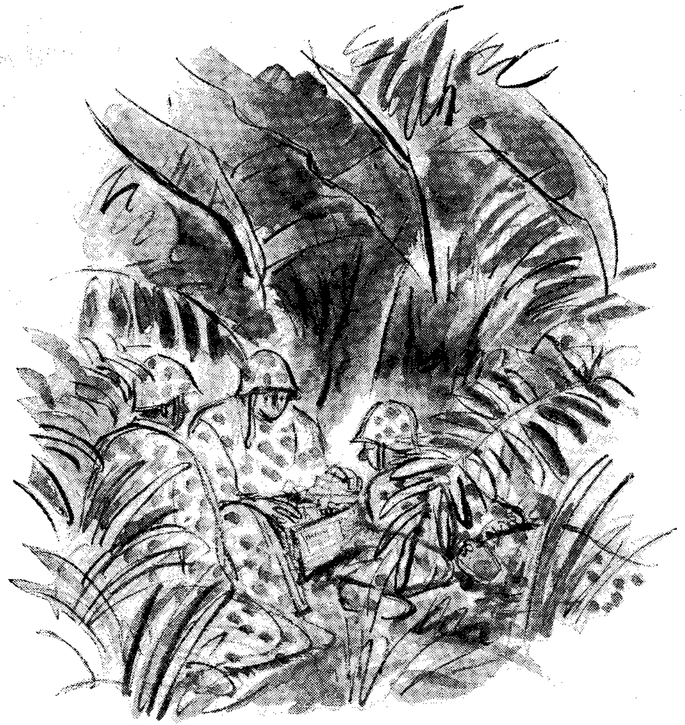
"Well, come on overt our place tomorrow afternoon about three o'clock. I'm gonna draw one." He then hung up.

Sonny Wine and his regular, unaugmented band arrived on the six-five, but Artie Burns' drums had been put off the train at some earlier station. Musically, this may have been all to the good, since Artie was not exactly a Sonny Greer in percussion circles and he was more than likely, after the long intermission, to permit Elton Ponsonby

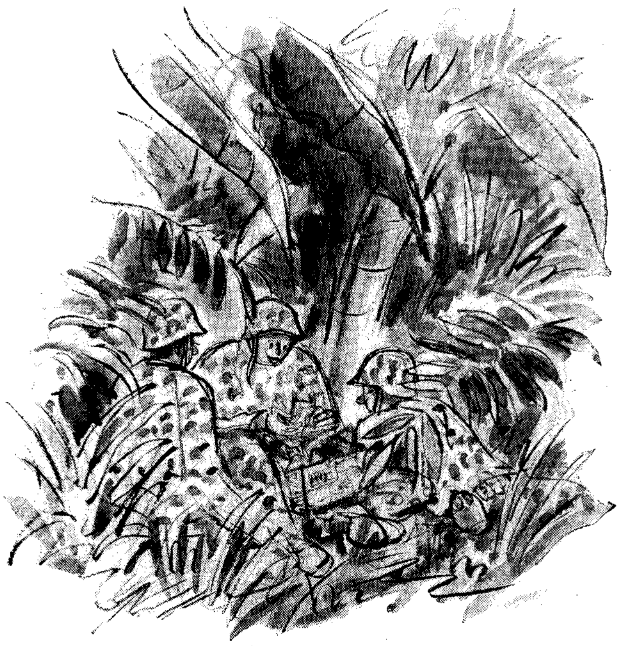
PIO-20
PIO-20
Rt. abbe



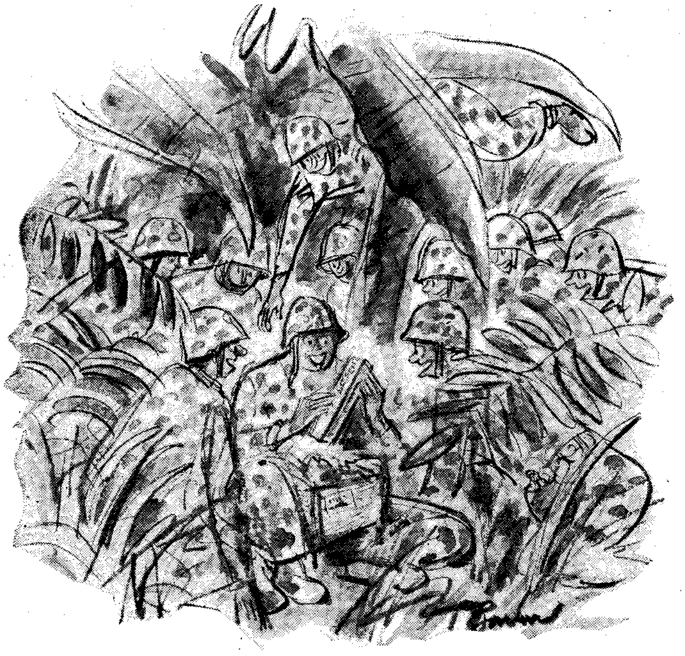
"This is a snapshot of Mom and the kid sister . . .



. . . and this is a diary or something, I guess . . .



. . . here's a pair of socks . . .



. . . and oh boy, here's a carton of cigarettes!"

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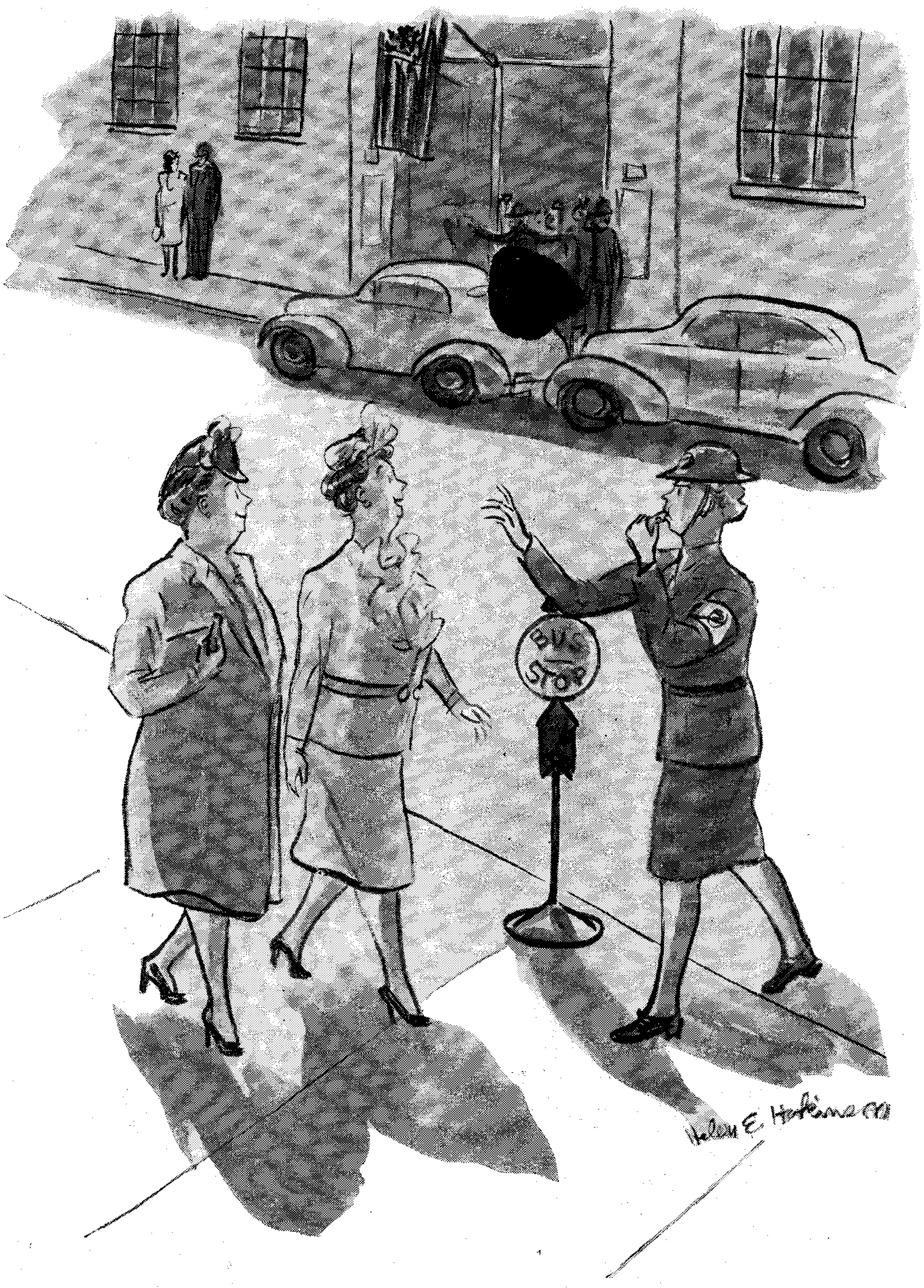
or the youngest Boone kid to sit in in his place. Elton Ponsonby no more belonged at the drums in a dance band than the late E. T. Stotesbury and young Boone hadn't even entered Mercersburg yet. Still, the accident of the jettisoned drums somehow fitted in the general picture, it not having happened ever before.

The coming fact bears only the remotest relation to the preceding and those to follow, and it is germane only for obvious reasons: at twenty past six Norman Chew, one of the village policemen, missed a cross-corner shot which, if he had made it, would have equalled the high run of forty-eight balls which is the record at the Elks'. Norman had not intended to be present at the dance, as he hated the summer people, but he usually helped the late stayers with his flashlight. He was so disappointed at failing to equal the Elks' high run that he spent the rest of the evening playing pinochle. That was sad, because some people rather counted on Norman.

Not that this is important either, but Dr. Gordon Macgregor, who possessed a collection of eighty-four pipes, could not find a match in the whole goddam house. That was going on twenty of seven.

At six forty-five more than two hundred of the sporting enthusiasts (natives and summer people) tried to tune in on



"This raid doesn't concern us, young lady. We're from Nyack."

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Stan Lomax. They all either turned off their radios or changed to some other station, so bad was the static. This proves that there may have been something in the air after all. Dressed, ready for dinner, hungry, and thwarted by the static and with at least fifteen minutes on his hands, a certain lad of fifteen made a serious pass at his mother's maid, and this time she slapped him right across the face. This was noteworthy principally because she had been threatening to for over a year, but never had.

There was no hot water at the Barbours'. This was infuriating and embarrassing to Mr. Barbour, because the hot-water system was practically brand-new (1941) and Mr. Barbour, who was a Tau Beta Pi from M. I. T., went over the whole system and couldn't find a single thing wrong with it.

A girl named Sallie Lynes, who was staying with the Stevenses, came across a dozen pairs of nylons while looking around her room for a safety pin. So delighted was Augusta Stevens that she shared this wonderful find with her honorable guest. Augusta couldn't remember ever having bought them and absolutely insisted that Sallie take half a dozen pairs.

The preceding two items are placed at roughly seven o'clock. At three minutes past seven—1903, as time is indicated in the services—the burglar alarm at the bank went off by accident. This was quite a coincidence, as Wayne Buffington, assistant cashier at the bank, was born in 1903 and has a son in the Navy who will be nineteen next March (third month of the year). Wayne, as is the local custom, was married very young. He fits into the picture because he is one of the few natives who are members of the club and as a matter of fact was planning to attend the dance. Wayne has always gotten along very well with the summer people and has won several cups with his knockabout in competition with the club members. He decided not to go to the dance at the last minute, as he only lives down the street from the bank and he thought, after the alarm went off, that he ought to stick around in case there was anything to it. The Buffingtons are an interesting old family and sometime it might be worth someone's while to go into their history.

Practically everyone sat down to dinner shortly after seven and apparently no one had any adventures worth repeating, or if they did, perhaps they were not *fit* to repeat. A few of the young kids turned up at the dance a little before nine o'clock, at which time the music began. By ten-thirty the floor was about half full. At ten past eleven three couples came and stood on the porch for a while but decided the party didn't look too tempting, so they went home and four of them played bridge and the other two played gin rummy.

The club lost money on the dance, not even making enough to pay the orchestra, but that was more or less anticipated, with all the big plans for the final dance. Nevertheless, as almost everybody remarked the next day, many remarkable things occurred on what most people thought was going to be the dullest Saturday of the season.

—John O'Hara

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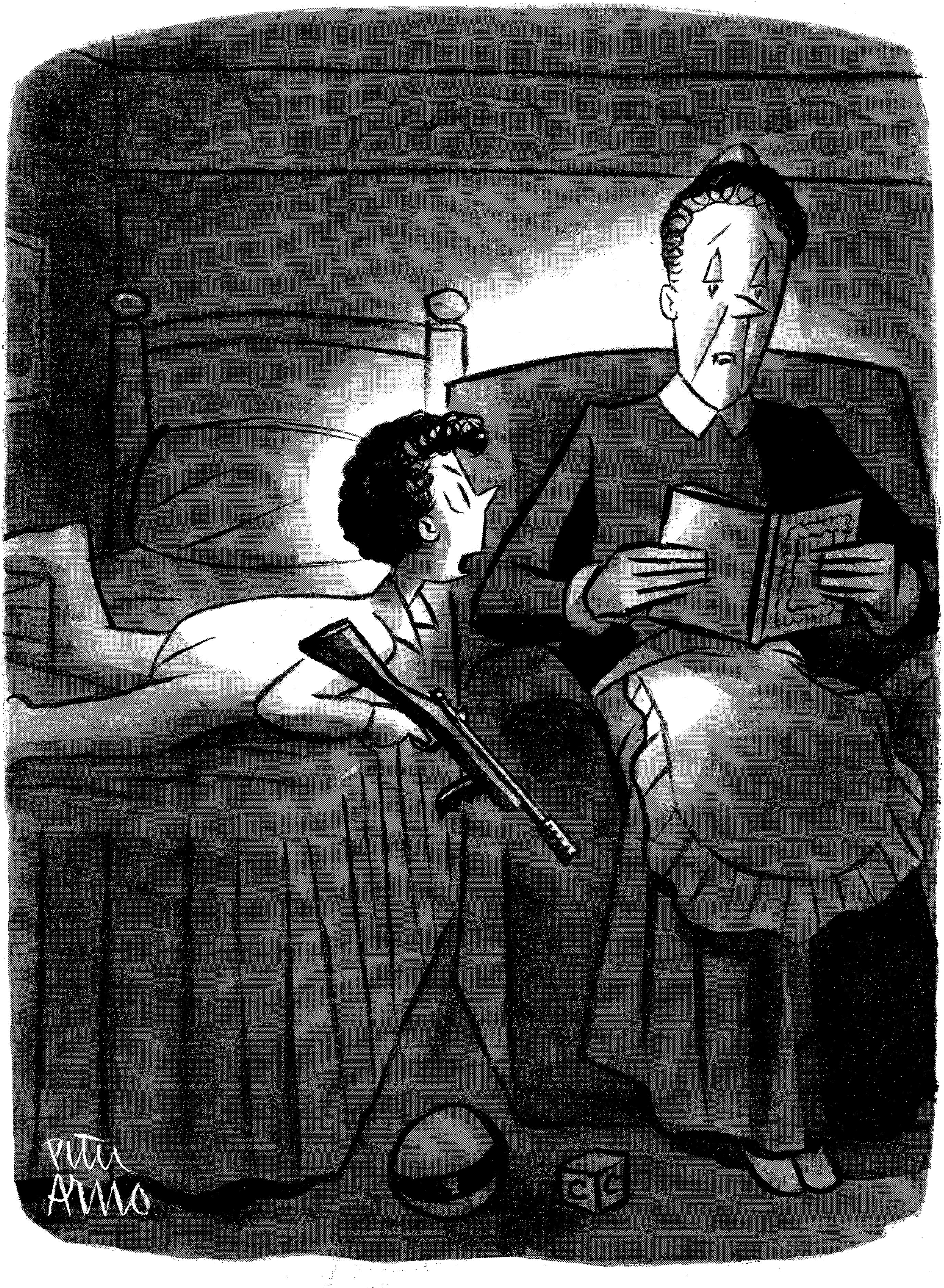
What should be done by way of first-aid treatment for a person bitten by a black widow spider? And how can one tell whether a spider is a black widow? MRS. S.C.W.

ANSWER—Send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for booklet "Unbidden Guests."
—*Los Angeles Times.*

Better make it air mail.


Peter Arno
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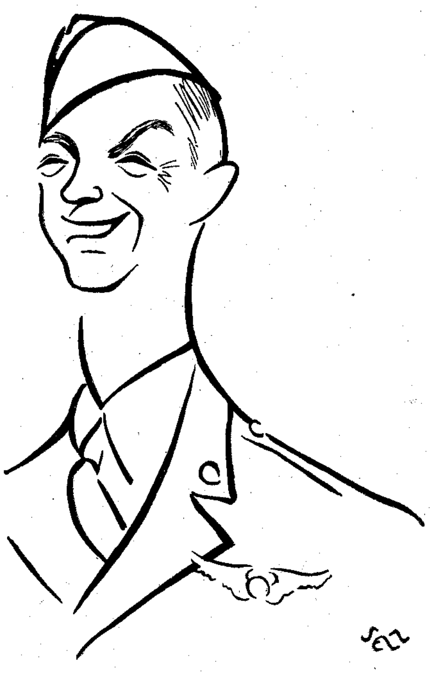
"You mean the Three Bears raised all that stink over a lousy bowl of breakfast food?"

PROFILES

THE DEAL



Maynard Smith

THE ranking hero in the European Theatre of Operations of the American Army—an area in which some students of war and politics, including Adolf Hitler, have decided that the next thousand years of civilization are being plotted—is a small Eighth Air Force staff sergeant named Smith. European Theatre operations are those which originate in the British Isles and do not include, say, our operations in the Mediterranean, and Smith, whose first name is Maynard, is the only man in the European Theatre who has received the Congressional Medal of Honor, America's highest military award, while alive, and one of the two men in that theatre who have received it at all. The other award was made posthumously. As the holder of this rather flashily colored medal and the small, baby-blue ribbon that goes with it and may be worn on the uniform in lieu of it, Smith enjoys certain privileges: at his bombing station, somewhere in England, he is allowed to remain in bed late in the morning, often until ten o'clock; his mail is collected and delivered promptly; and on occasion an M.P. has been known to give him a lift around the station in a jeep, an attention which leaves his colleagues dazed; he often cooks snacks in the barracks he shares with fourteen other Air Force men and receives nothing but a hurt look from the officer who prowls the station at night, sniffing for the odor of frying bacon and eggs. Furthermore, he is visibly popular with the Red Cross nurses attached to his station, an important triumph when one considers the fixed, impersonal smile most soldiers get from a Red Cross nurse. As a holder of the Congressional Medal, Smith also receives two dollars a month extra pay. He can also now get almost all the American cigarettes he wants. Soldiers in the European Theatre, officers and men alike, are limited to seven packs a week, but Smith seems to have no difficulty in augmenting this ration. Naturally enough, he declines to reveal his source, but probably the cigarettes are gifts from other soldiers. This is a rare tribute, since American soldiers, aware of the strangling effect of British cigarettes on American throats, are rather stingy with their own. As a civilian, after the war, Smith will be permitted to wear, in the buttonhole of his lapel, a Medal of Honor rosette made of blue and white ribbons.

Smith received his medal from Secretary of War Stimson, who, during his recent tour of the European and Mediterranean Theatres, went to Smith's bombing station to make the award, accompanied by seven generals, about twenty-five high Air Corps officers, a group of technicians from two American radio networks, a band, a busload of newspapermen, and eighteen Flying Fortresses. During the presentation ceremony these planes, with magnificent stage sense, flew not more than a hundred feet over Smith's head and literally shook the microphone into which he was saying a subdued "Thank you."

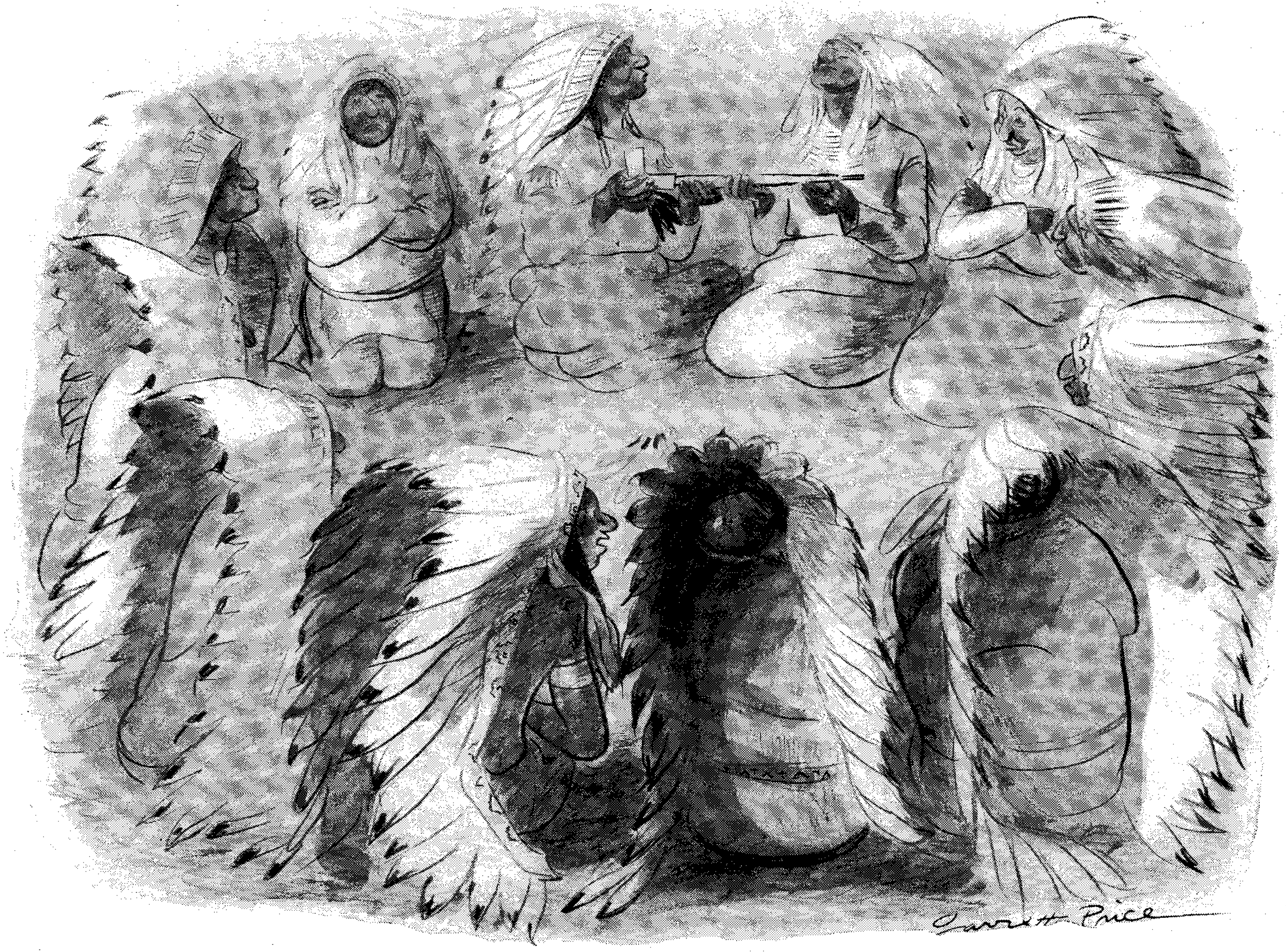
SMITH is a waist gunner in a Flying Fortress, which means that he mans one of the two guns which project out of the familiar open windows on either side of the middle of the ship. This is usually a young man's job, but Smith, who is thirty-two, and therefore almost senile, in Air Corps terms, fills it extremely well. He is a rather reflective fellow, given to fairly weighty thoughts on a variety of things like electricity, religion, politics, endocrinology, golf, energy in a pure state, Army life, England, swans, dogs, flowers, Michigan in the winter, Florida in the summer, the British form of government, and the effect on mankind of the Flying Fortress. Since Secretary Stimson hung the Congressional Medal around his neck, Smith has thought a lot about heroism and has come to the conclusion that the only thing he really knows is that it's largely a question of adrenalin. "There was a fellow," Smith often says in response to the endless and awkward questions people ask him about how he won his medal, "who was an apprentice seaman in the British Navy. A kid. He got torpedoed and his hands were horribly burned. Just the same, he somehow managed to get into a lifeboat and he took his regular place and rowed. In the morning, his shipmates discovered that the flesh had been burned off his fingers and that he was literally rowing with the bones of his hands. This was probably heroism. But I'm not sure that a bombardier who gets a terrific stomach ache just as he's aiming his bombs and nevertheless gets them off true isn't a greater hero. You never know. In either case, you can be sure, there was plenty of adrenalin being pumped into the blood stream."

About Smith's own heroism there is no doubt; it was in the very best tradition. On the morning of May 1st this year, Smith was sent out on his first bombing mission. He was assigned to the ball turret of a Flying Fortress. This turret, which is a semisphere protruding from the bottom of the plane, was not the station for which he, as a waist gunner, had been trained. For technical reasons, the change had been made at the last minute. The ball turret is extremely small, but Smith is a small man—five feet, four inches and slender—so he could squeeze into the turret with only slight difficulty. Smith dislikes being in a ball turret, and for an odd reason; he says that the sound of the flak "pattering" (the word is his) against the transparent plastic of the turret bothers him. "There are three distinct impressions you get from flak if you are in the bottom turret," Smith says, "and there are only two if you are in the waist. First you hear a tremendous whoosh, then the bits of shrapnel patter against the sides of the turret, then you see the smoke. The one you don't get in the waist is the pattering sound."

The target on the May 1st mission was St. Nazaire, the U-boat base on the coast of France and one of the most heavily defended towns in Europe. The Forts reached their objective uneventfully and did their bombing successfully, then turned back toward England. Some Focke-Wulfs trailed the American formation on its way home. "We were over the English Channel and I was watching some tracers from a German fighter come puffing by our tail," says Smith, "when suddenly there was a terrific explosion. That was the whoosh. My interphone and the electrical controls of the turret went dead. I crawled out of the turret and up into the ship." Smith came out in the radio room, a space about as big as the motorman's cab in a subway car, with metal walls and an array of gadgets on one of them. The room was filled with flame, for the exploding anti-aircraft shell had broken and ignited a drum of the oxygen Fortresses carry on their high-altitude flights. Smith made his way from the radio room into the fuselage. He found fires raging in the waist section. At almost the same moment the radio operator, a veteran of twenty-one missions, staggered down the fuselage, made directly for a gun hatch, and dived out. Through one of the waist windows Smith watched him hit the horizontal stabilizer and bounce off, and then saw his parachute open. By this time the right waist gunner had jumped out of the plane through his window and the left waist gunner was trying to climb over his own gun and jump, too. He got wedged between it and his window, however, and Smith pulled him back into the plane. "I asked him," Smith recalls wryly, "if the heat was too much for him, but all he did was stare at me and say, 'I'm getting out of here.' " Smith helped him open the plane's rear escape door and watched him bail out. Like Smith, the left waist gunner was on his first mission. Nothing has ever been heard since of him or of the two other men who bailed out. The Channel water is extremely cold in May, and Air Forces officers feel almost certain that they were lost.

"The smoke and gas were really thick," Smith recalls. "I wrapped a sweater around my face so I could breathe, grabbed a fire extinguisher, went back into the radio room, and went after the fire. Then the rear gunner crawled down the fuselage. He was covered with blood. Looking him over, I saw that he had been hit in the back and that whatever hit him had probably gone through his left lung. I laid him down on his left side so the wound wouldn't drain into his right lung, gave him a shot of morphine, and made him as comfortable as possible. The rest of the crew—the pilot, the co-pilot, the midship gunner, the bombardier, and the navigator—stayed forward in the ship." Smith was getting to work on the fires in the waist section when, through a window, he spotted a Focke-Wulf approaching from one side and maneuvering to attack his ship. The Fortress was probably shooting out clouds of smoke and the German must have felt that he could risk a close encounter. Smith grabbed one of the two waist guns, let him have a burst, and, as the fighter came under the Fortress, leaned across the passageway between the left and right waist guns and fired at him with the other one. He missed with both guns, but he apparently managed to frighten off the German.

Smith then went back to the radio room and began throwing out anything he could get his hands on, because the



"I'm dying for a cigarette."

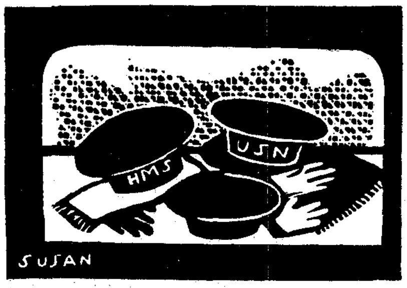
fierce, oxygen-fed fire was melting everything in the room and spatters of the molten metal were eating holes in the floor. Also, some ammunition stored there began to explode. The radio room had no window, but the fire had already burned a hole in one side of the plane, so Smith simply used that. While he was tossing the equipment and ammunition out of the plane, his parachute got in his way, so he threw it out, too, thus sacrificing what he must have realized was his only means of escape unless the plane made a good landing. He kept on throwing stuff out until he saw another Focke-Wulf coming in to attack. Then he let the German have a few more bursts and the enemy went away. The fires, however, did not. After Smith had used up the extinguisher on the fires, he poured on the contents of the crew's water bottle. "After that," he says, "I got so mad I didn't know what to do, so I beat at the fires with my hands and feet until my clothes began to smolder." Looking out through the hole in the side of the ship, which by now was big enough for a man to fall through, Smith saw that the plane was over England, and in a few minutes the pilot set the plane down on the first convenient R. A. F. field, many miles from its own station. By the time the plane came down Smith had put the fires out.

Smith's achievement was without precedent; for an hour and a half he had fought fires which the pilot of the ship, a veteran of twenty-four missions, thought were fatal, and he had fought them successfully. In between times he had administered first aid to one member of the crew and assisted one other member to escape, and he had twice fought off attacking Focke-Wulfs. All of this he had done alone, on his first mission.

The pilot, First Lieutenant P. Lewis Johnson, of Crummies, Kentucky, has said that when he was told about the fires burning behind him in the plane, he thought it was the end. He didn't know the details of what was going on in the waist of the ship, but he did know that somehow the plane kept flying. In the formal statement which he made to the War Department, he said that Smith had accomplished "acts which, by the will of God alone, did not cost him his life, performed in complete self-sacrifice and the utmost efficiency and which were solely responsible for the return of the aircraft and lives of everyone aboard."

Not much was left of the plane, and only its motors were salvageable. Smith himself discovered two bullet holes in the knitted scarf he had been wearing on account of the altitude at which the plane was flying. He keeps the scarf, which he has shown to only a few of his closest friends, in his duffel bag, along with some books and his medal. The scarf is a typical, khaki, loving-hands scarf. In one corner, near the bullet holes, is a small red label which reads, "From the Los Angeles Chapter of the American Red Cross."

SMITH was born in Caro, Michigan, a town which his associates consistently confuse with Cairo, Illinois. The mayor of Caro, however, is not at all confused, and shortly after he heard the news of Smith's decoration, he sent a cable to Caro's heroic son. Smith is both touched and amused by this compliment. Smith's father, who died in 1934, was a circuit-court judge. Maynard's early life was serene, so exceedingly serene, in fact, that he cannot recall any extraordinary incident of his childhood. His first job, like the one he has now, was with the government. He worked in Detroit as an income-tax field agent for the Treasury Department for several years, and then as an assistant receiver for the Michigan State Banking Commission. When his father died, leaving a fairly large estate, Maynard retired. He never worked again until he joined the Army, in 1942. He makes no apology for his extended lounge; he just says that he liked to live in Michigan in the summer and in Florida in the winter, and so did his mother, and since they could afford to, why not? During this period, Smith did some voluminous reading in modern psychology. He doesn't consider himself much of a psychologist, however, for he feels that his extensive reading on the subject was more or less neutralized by some later researches he made into phrenology. He read at home, mostly at night, and



WHEN YOU ARE DISTANT

Do not write to me when you are tired.
Your words bleed on the paper,
and I cannot bear it.

Do not write when music or a drink
has made your cynicism wane.
For then your shuttered heart is naked,
and I cannot bear it.

And do not write when you have read too carefully
my incoherencies in blurring prose.
You concentrate on something I am not.

Never, never be the way I dream.
The lightness, after midnight, is too bright.
You made the spiny shell that you inhabit,
and I have curved myself to fit the mold.

When you are distant, do not write
and change the image, or I shall be lost.
If lonely, do not be compassionate.
Keep to your harshness; never let it slip.

Do not write to me when you have looked
too long at snapshots, bidimensional.
They are not I.

Keep you to you, and me to me,
and never change us until you return.
For if we grow and, gaining, grow apart,
I cannot bear it.

—CAROLYN KIZER

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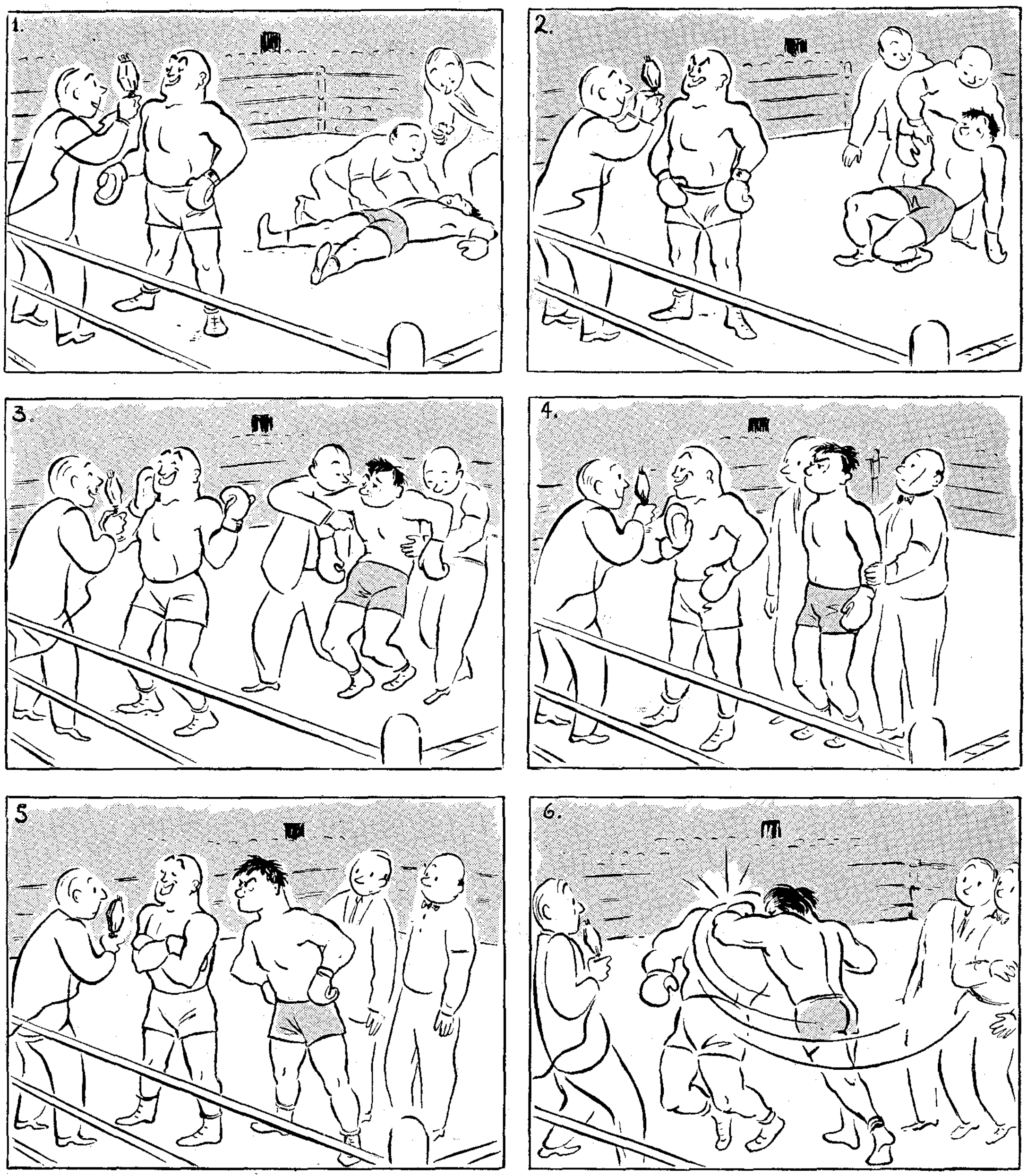
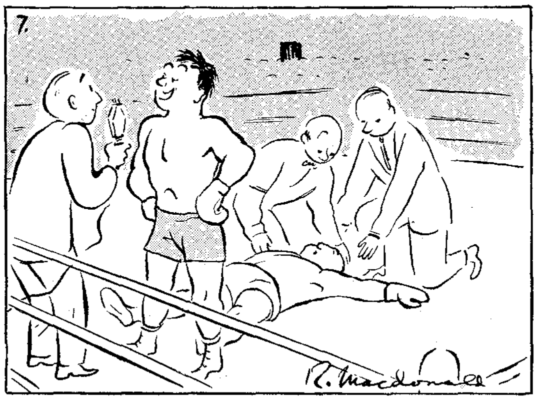




though he is by no means a recluse, he seems never to have been particularly social. After disposing of phrenology, he tackled endocrinology and the history of religion. Even today he wrestles with religious questions, and at times speculates on where the earth came from. "The earth," he says, "is a combination of molecules, and a molecule is a combination of atoms, and an atom is a combination of ions. But this means nothing. Who made the first ion?" Smith has never settled this elemental problem to suit himself, and he likes to discuss it with anyone. Since this is fairly deep water for most of his friends at the bombing station, he doesn't expect to get very far with them, but he goes to the pubs in the small town near the station and talks at great length with the more contemplative English friends he has made there.

Since fame has come his way, Smith isn't on quite the same easy conversational basis with his friends in the pubs, because they have heard that he is a hero and they constantly ask him to relate the story of his flight instead of asking his opinion on the latest developments in endocrinology. It is not only Smith's English friends whose attitude toward him has changed; his American pals at the station are different, too. Since he got his award—he calls it "the Congressional Medal deal" or simply "The Deal"—he wears a faint but unmistakable halo. As he goes about his business at the station, he hands out autographs with the pleased, coöperative air of a brand-new picture star and on occasion he gives bits of advice to gunners who have just arrived from America or have never seen action. His fame has spread throughout the Eighth Air Force. It is not at all uncommon for a man from Smith's station to tell a man from another station the whole story of The Deal and boast about it.

The Deal makes perfect conversation for other noncommissioned officers largely because Smith was on K.P. the day he was notified of the honor that was coming to him. A writer for the London edition of the *Stars and Stripes* began his story of the presentation: "They took Maynard Smith off K.P. and gave him the Congressional Medal of Honor today." Photographers, appreciating the news value of this coincidence, posed him beside a small pile of potatoes, and Smith didn't bother to protest against what he considered foolishness. Smith had been put on K.P. because he had been late for briefing, a serious misdemeanor and the only mark against him in his Army career. He was late because he was talking philosophy with his friends in some pub. By the time he returned to the station, his crew had been briefed and a substitute gunner had been given Smith's waist spot. Obviously the fact that the European Theatre's ranking hero rose to his position straight from the potato pile delights other gunners, who consider

Smith a triumphant answer to the junior officers, especially the shavetails. It is probably the beginning of a legend.

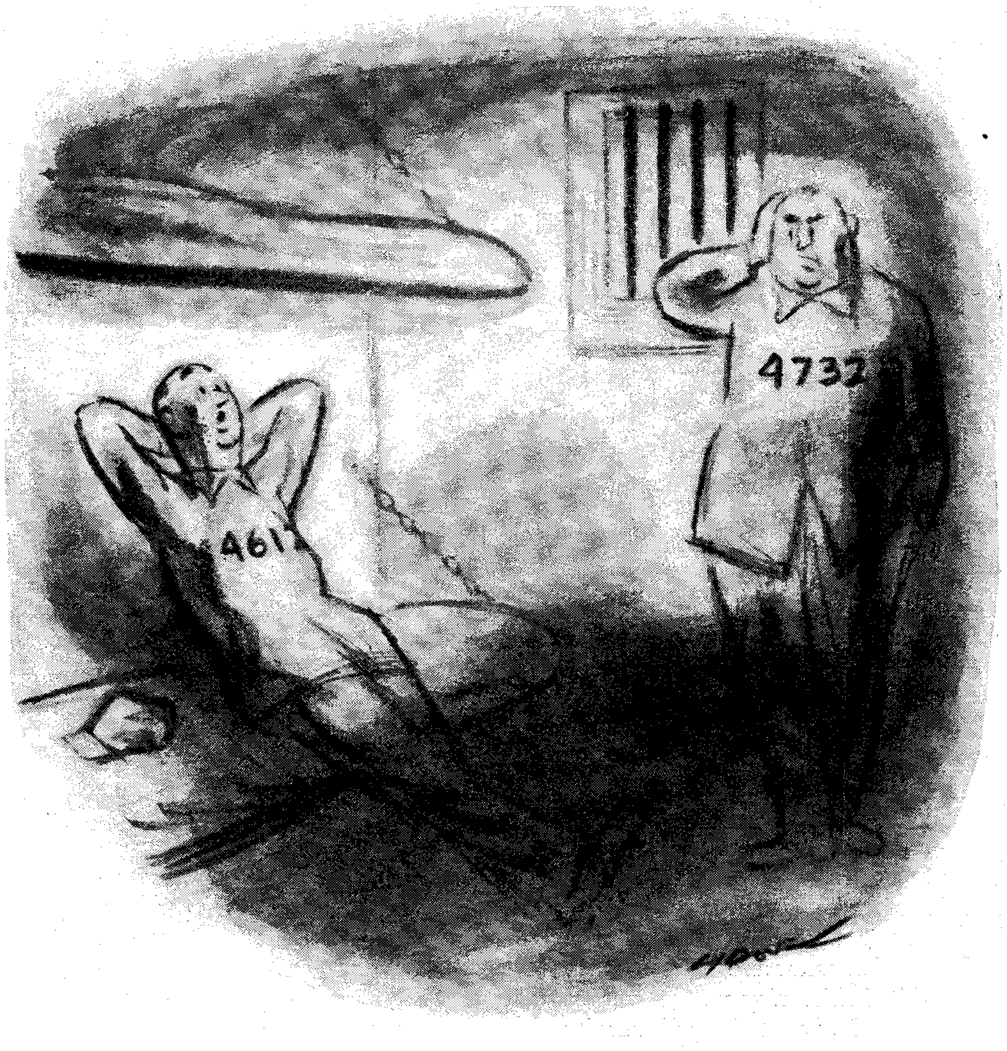
A legend has already grown up around the only other man in the European Theatre to receive the Congressional Medal, Bombardier Lieutenant Jack Mathis. Like most legends, this one is based on fact. In Mathis's case, the facts are these. He was fatally wounded as the Fortress whose bombs he was to aim approached its target in Vegesack, in Germany. Though dying, he waited until the target appeared on the cross hairs of his bombsight and then he dropped his bombs. He died shortly afterward. Mathis, the legend now goes, had a twin brother, who was in the Ninth Air Force in Africa. Upon hearing the news of his brother's death, the other Mathis asked to be transferred to Jack's squadron in England. By some magic which the legend does not explain, he arrived at his brother's station only a week or so after Jack's death. Since it was evening, he naturally wandered into the officers' bar, where some of his brother's flying companions were gathered. As he walked into the room, someone saw him, thought he was a ghost, and dropped a glass of beer. The noise of the breaking glass instantly quieted the room, and everyone in it stared at Mathis. One man muttered, "Who are you?" "My name is Mathis," he is supposed to have replied, to the cold horror of everyone who heard him.

It is a fact that Lieutenant Jack Mathis did have a brother, Mark, but he was not a twin and could not possibly have been confused with Jack. Mark did serve at Jack's station, but he had left there long before Jack was killed. Now Jack is dead and Mark is missing in action.

THOUGH Smith is a holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, he is rather undistinguished in appearance except that he knots his tie sloppily. Even at the ceremony at which Secretary Stimson and the seven generals congratulated him, his tie looked like a string shredded off his collar. (Stimson's tie was just right.) Since the proceedings were to be radioed to America, the affair had to begin exactly on time. Ten minutes beforehand, therefore, Smith was led up to the microphone, where he stood calmly while newsreel photographers focussed their cameras and the radiomen counted from one to ten repeatedly in throaty voices. (After the ceremony, a girl reporter asked him if standing in front of all those people hadn't been worse than fighting off the fires in the Fortress, and he said, "No, it wasn't.") At the appointed time, Secretary Stimson appeared with General J. L. Devers, Commanding General of the European Theatre of Operations, and General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General of the Eighth Air Force. All of them made short presentation speeches, each of which Smith answered with a smile and a "Thank you." "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty," the citation began, and it ended, "Sergeant Smith threw the exploding ammunition overboard, fought the fire until all the fire-fighting aids were exhausted, manned the workable guns until the enemy fighters were driven away, further administered first aid to his wounded comrade, and then by wrapping himself in protecting cloth, completely extinguished the fire by hand. This soldier's gallantry in action, undaunted bravery, and loyalty to his aircraft and fellow crew members, without regard for his own personal safety, is an inspiration to the armed forces of the United States." Then Secretary Stimson hung the medal around Smith's neck, once for posterity and once for the photographers, and at this moment the eighteen Flying Fortresses flew overhead while the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

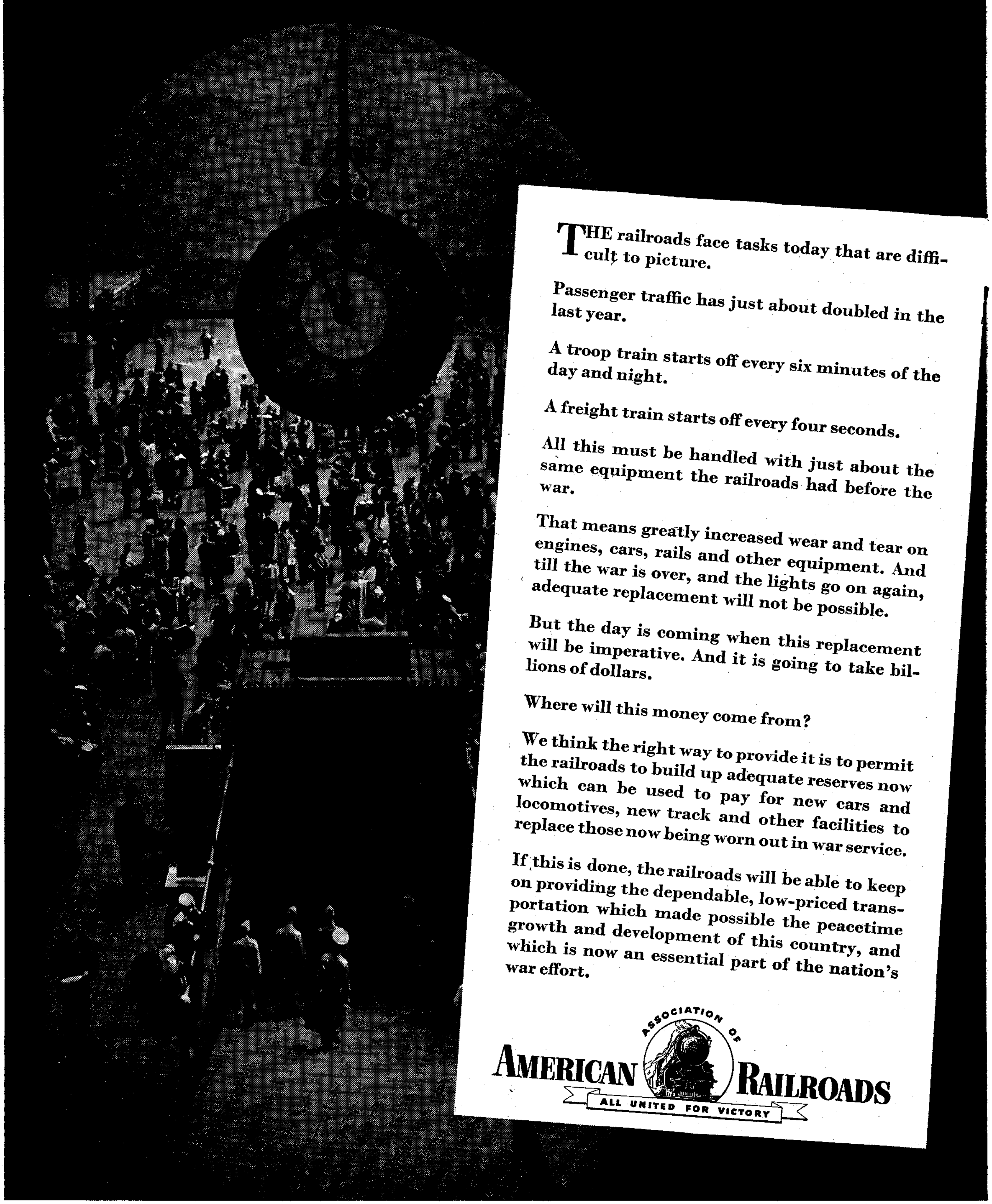
Smith celebrated his award by spending the evening in a pub, talking with his English friends. Smith, in his heavy, analytical conversations, would just as soon explain the difference between an engine and a motor as between a molecule and an atom. "A motor," he points out, "propels itself, an engine propels something other than itself." Since he is a gunner, his thoughts nowadays tend to turn to more or less mechanical subjects. He has read a good deal of the printed matter on aerodynamics and related matters in the bombing station's library. He doesn't neglect other subjects, however. He believes, for instance, that the presence of the American Army in Britain has had a democratizing effect on the British and may well result in the abolition of the House of Lords.

In every American bombing station in England, there is a daily contest called "aircraft recognition." In this game, ac-



"I often wonder what I would have been—4-F, 1-A, 2-B, 3-A?"

till the lights go on again



THE railroads face tasks today that are difficult to picture.

Passenger traffic has just about doubled in the last year.

A troop train starts off every six minutes of the day and night.

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All this must be handled with just about the same equipment the railroads had before the war.

That means greatly increased wear and tear on engines, cars, rails and other equipment. And till the war is over, and the lights go on again, adequate replacement will not be possible.

But the day is coming when this replacement will be imperative. And it is going to take billions of dollars.

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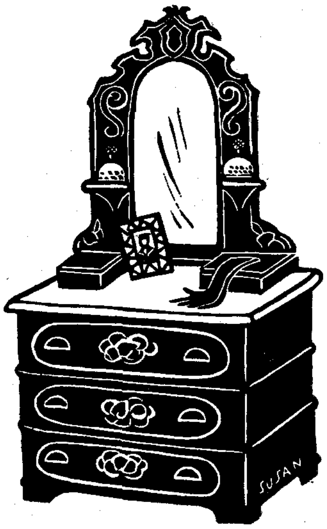
tion photographs of aircraft are mounted, without captions, on a bulletin board, and the fliers are supposed to identify them by dropping ballots in a box beside the display. Smith is good at this game, but he doesn't think much of it. "When you're up in the air," he says, "start shooting and then start recognizing." If he sees a fighter aircraft which he can't recognize as friendly and which is seemingly maneuvering into an attack position, and if it is near enough to hit with his 50-calibre machine gun, he shoots. "If the plane is friendly," he asks, "what the hell is it doing looking like an enemy?"

Smith came to be a gunner in a Fortress in a way which is scarcely that of the traditional American hero. In the first place, he narrowly escaped being drafted. When the United States entered the war, he was living a carefree life. The war at first did nothing to change his point of view. "Like most Americans," he says, "I'm not particularly pugilistically inclined." Finally, however, Smith's draft board did change it, and on September 1, 1942, he enlisted, beating the draft, he says, by twenty minutes. He soon decided that it was foolish to remain a private, so he attempted to find out how to become something else. He found that if he became an air gunner he would have a sergeant's rating, and he at once asked to be sent to gunnery school at Harlingen, Texas, a request which was granted. He looks back on his six weeks there with distaste but says his schooling made him a good gunner. A few weeks after graduation, he was sent to England, where he received the additional training which prepared him for his first mission.

While Smith is well known among the gunners in the Eighth Air Force, there is another gunner in his theatre who is considerably better known—Captain Clark Gable. Smith's reaction to Gable is amiable. "That guy," he says, "is a wonder. No matter what he does, he gets criticized, but he does his job." Smith's admiration of Gable, whom he might be expected to resent, is perhaps the oblique result of the fact that he is indifferent to, and unimpressed by, the movies. He says he likes his scenery better out of doors than indoors. Nowadays, for instance, he prefers to spend his time off strolling in the park of the town near his station and watching the swans in the pond. His strolls are generally solitary, because the fellows at the station don't care much about either strolls or swans. Sometimes, though, one of them joins him and they exchange station rumors.

As is universal in the Army, most bombing-station talk is rumor. One rumor that has been circulating at his post is that his award entitles him to a lifetime pension, which he has heard is anything from $2 to $150 a month. Naturally, Smith has been trying to find out about it. Actually, all he gets is the $2 a month increase in pay while he is in service, which brings his salary to $174.80. He sends $100 home to buy War Bonds and spends the balance, mostly on the weak beer he drinks in the pubs. Another rumor, which has been going the rounds for many years, is that the winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor has the privilege of addressing Congress whenever he likes. There is no foundation at all for this rumor. It is difficult to find the basis for any station rumor, but the pension one grew up possibly because of the confusion in English minds between the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Victoria Cross, its British counterpart. A life pension of ten pounds a year goes with the latter, which, since December 7, 1941, has been awarded about forty times. The Congressional Medal has been awarded about sixty times in the same period. Generally the presentation is made in Washington by the Commander-in-Chief, who, according to law, performs this function "in the name of Congress." Smith is disappointed that this didn't happen to him, because he has long wanted to meet President Roosevelt. Two other people he would particularly like to meet are King George and Queen Elizabeth, to whom he thinks he might conceivably make some suggestions for parliamentary reform.

The Congressional Medal of Honor is a five-pointed bronze star bearing in relief the head of Minerva, goddess of wisdom, encircled by the words



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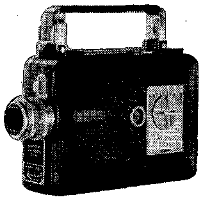
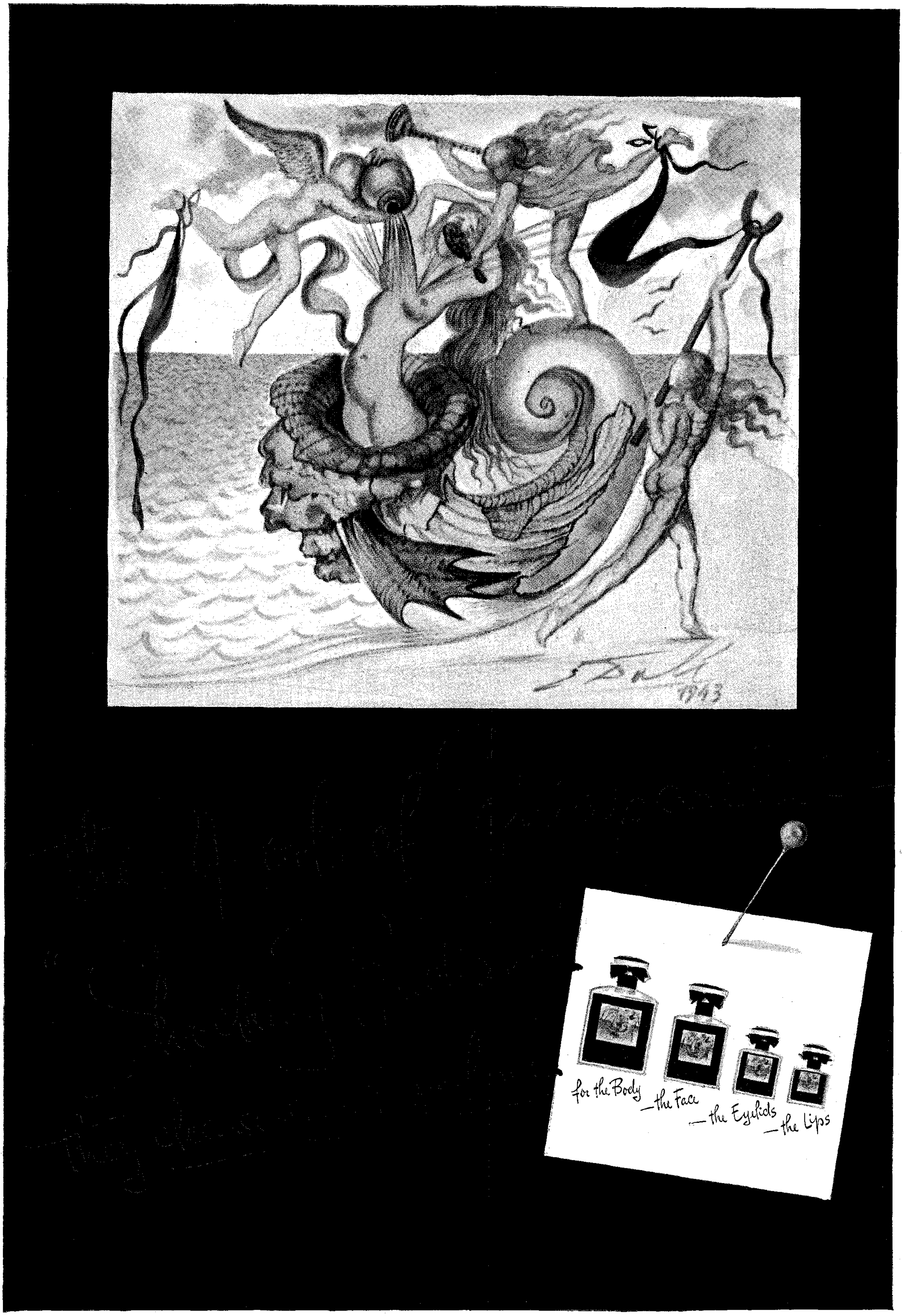


Eastman's Finer Home Movie Camera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— the Eyelids
— the Lips

"United States of America" and by a laurel wreath of green enamel. The medal is suspended from a bar on which is inscribed the word "Valor" and surmounted by an eagle, which is attached to a light-blue ribbon bearing thirteen white stars. The ribbon, in turn, is suspended from a neckband of light-blue, watered-silk ribbon twenty inches long. All other American medals are worn pinned to the left breast, but the Medal of Honor is worn on its ribbon around the neck. Before the Congressional Medal of Honor could be awarded to Smith, the award had to be recommended by his pilot, his squadron leader, his commanding officer, his theatre commander, and a War Department board. All this was done in about six weeks. Around the time the confirmation of the award reached Smith's station, word came that Secretary Stimson was coming over on his tour of inspection, so it seemed likely that Stimson would make the award. Then it was discovered that in the entire European Theatre, with its hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, there was not a single Congressional Medal to hang around a hero's neck. An anonymous Eighth Air Force officer made the obvious suggestion, and Stimson carried Smith's medal from America to England in his coat pocket. —Sam Boal

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the rich, beautiful prose of James R. Newkirk, president of the Indiana Bar Association, in a speech before the Evansville Bar Association, June 14th, inserted in the Congressional Record by Congressman Charles M. LaFollette*]

It is he who, standing upon the high promontories of life, looks backward across the untold centuries to the dawn of time, forward to the boundary line of eternity, and, catching the message flashed by Omnipotence, observes written upon the face of all he sees, or hears, or feels, or knows, the decretal orders of the Supreme Justice of the Universe, and sets about, with all the powers at his command, to discover and to rationalize the relation of man to his Creator and of man to his fellowmen; recognizes that man can no more create the laws which apply to his fellowmen than he can create the laws which apply to his relations with his Creator; devotes his life to the ascertainment and the administration of the law; strives ever for the discovery, vindication, and establishment of the truth; concentrates his energies and the talents which God gave him to the triumph of right and the dispensation and promulgation of equity and justice between his fellowmen, and keeps constantly in mind, in office and in courtroom, his duty to his client, to the court, to the state, to his God, and to himself; he it is who is entitled to the proud distinction of being justly and appropriately termed—the lawyer.

LISTEN: ■ SEPTEMBER 18, 1943

The American School of the Air, world's largest classroom, opens for its 14th year on CBS October 11. The Teacher's Manual and Classroom Guide is now being distributed to thousands of instructors by CBS stations in the United States and by CBC in Canada.

The broadcasts go out five days a week; 9:15-9:45 a.m. EWT; they are rebroadcast at 3:30-4:00 p.m. EWT. This year, for the first time, six broadcasts will originate in Canada.

CBS has maintained this public service series at its own cost since February, 1930—resolutely refusing to sell the valuable radio time the school occupies. Five courses are given: Mondays, *Tools of Science*; Tuesdays, *Gateway to Music*; Wednesdays, *New Horizons — World Geography*; Thursdays, *Tales from Far and Near*; Fridays, *This Living World*. Many of Columbia's first-line writers and directors will assist in the production of the programs, including Murray Dyer, Nila Mack and Frank Ernest Hill. Roy Chapman Andrews, noted explorer and geographer, will preside over the Wednesday geography series, again being written by Col. Hans Christian Adamson, United States Army Air Forces.

★

In the 34,865,000 homes in the United States are there more bath tubs or radios? More radios, two to one. Are there more telephones or radios? Again radios, two to one. Are there more automobiles or radios? Radios, three to two. Since neither the tubs nor the cars spout ideas (never mind the telephones) it looks from here as though radio has become important in the lives of most people.

★

When the Allied forces landed in Sicily, the actual news first reached the American people from Algiers through the CBS network some 8 minutes before the same communiqué was read by the Army to the press in the Pentagon Building in Washington.

★

In the early days of radio folks used to think that the higher the spot you could find, the better the place to plant your radio transmitter. The theory based perhaps on a human practice of speaking from a taller soap box to reach a wider crowd. But in radio it doesn't hold. The best place of all, according to the radio engineers whom we try so hard to understand, is to stick up your transmitter on a large bath-sponge in the lowly Sargasso Sea. If you insist on staying put instead of floating around, get into mushy ground, if you can, and best of all, get into open salt water, and please do not ask us why. The CBS key station (WABC, New York) even went out into Long Island Sound off New Rochelle, remade a gull-perch into a solid island, and stuck up there the most advanced transmitter the world has seen. That is one thing that makes CBS programs come in so nice.

★

If you are a distinguished preacher, you probably know that you cannot buy time on CBS.

The CBS Church of the Air assigns time to all established faiths. It allocates this time to these different faiths in direct proportion to their numerical size. The year's schedule for the two Sunday broadcasts, 10:00-10:30 a.m., 1:00-1:30 p.m., EWT, is so planned that every established religious group is fairly represented on the air. The broadcasts originate in every section of the country.

The series began in September, 1931. Its policy is based on the simple premise of religious freedom. The speakers are invited by the CBS inter-denominational Board of Consultants.

On CBS no charge is ever made or payment accepted for religious broadcasts.

★

Here in one sentence is Columbia's severe instruction to its news staff: "Columbia wants to be first with the news whenever it can and as often as it can, but Columbia would rather be last, or never broadcast certain material at all, than to rush on the air with news that should not have been put out." Maybe that is one reason why TIME called the CBS news staff ". . . the most adult in radio."

★

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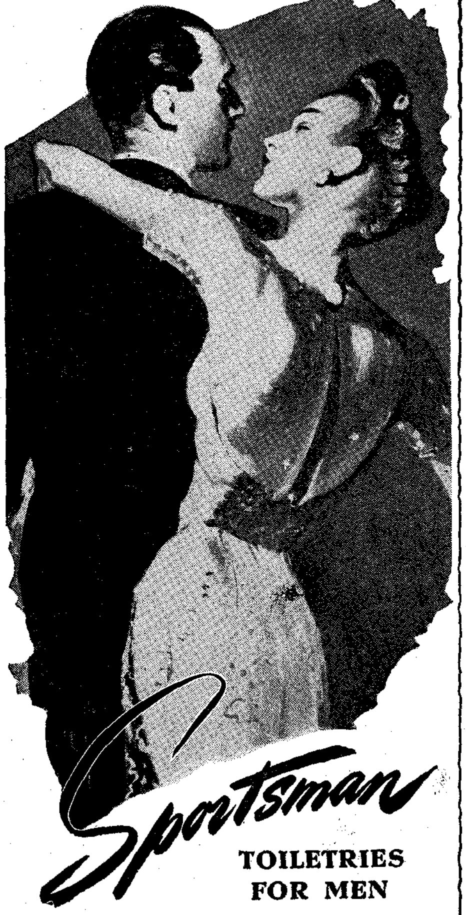

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THE THEATRE

TRIUMPH AND DISASTER

AT the opening of "Laugh Time," at the Shubert, I was aware that I was missing many of the finer points, since only a small part of my youth was misspent at the Palace and, of course, no true appreciation of vaudeville is possible without a clear memory of all those old delights. Obviously the barest twitch of Frank Fay's eyebrows was full of hilarious meaning for my educated neighbors, and there must have been other subtleties in the behavior of the acrobats and the dancers and the trained dogs, because they, too, got a reception that would have gratified Duse. I was baffled even more by some of the conversations between Mr. Fay and his accomplice, Bert Wheeler, which depended so heavily on a special knowledge of the theatre that few outsiders could hope to grapple with them. One characteristic passage, for instance, was really intelligible only to those aware that one of the producers, a man called Fred Finklehoffe, is married to a Scottish chanteuse named Ella Logan. For some reason, I happened to be familiar with Mrs. Finklehoffe's maiden name and could laugh knowingly with the rest, but for the most part such interior references got away from me.

On account of my limited background, my report on "Laugh Time" can be of assistance only to other comparative illiterates. About two-thirds of it, I think, is a fine show. When Mr. Fay's material is neither too attenuated nor too mysterious, he is very funny in an elegant, spinsterish sort of way, and Bert Wheeler assists him vigorously, though handicapped by a lot of jokes that have been around a long time. Sharing top billing with them, in the trade phrase, is Ethel Waters, one of the most endearing performers in the theatre. I love Miss Waters and all the songs she has plugged to glory, but sometimes I can't help wishing that her arrangements weren't quite so ingenious or the range of her voice quite so spectacular.

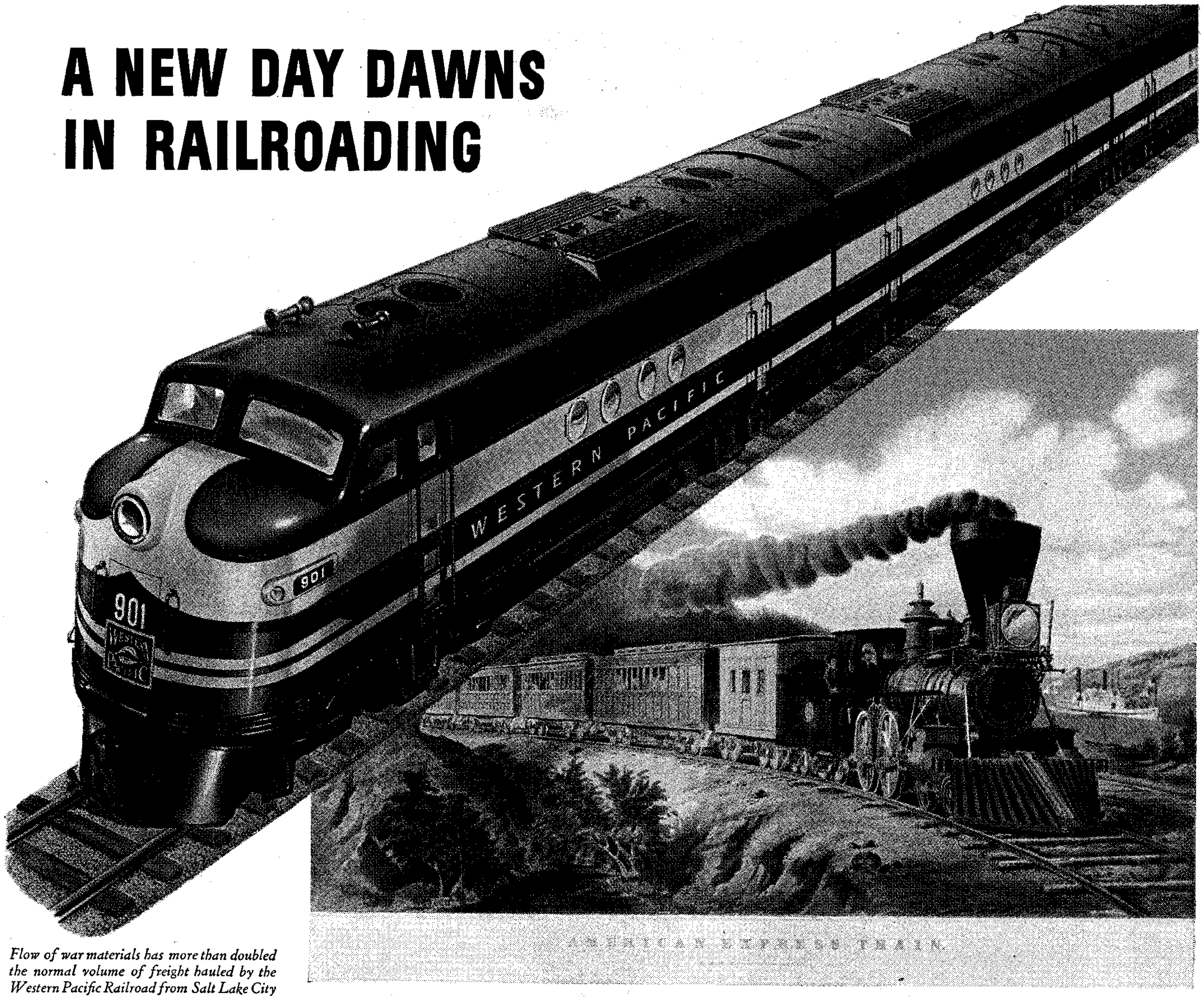
The other acts that make up "Laugh Time" are probably too familiar to you to need much discussion. The Bricklayers are still the most fascinating dogs in the world, though one or two of them seem to have slipped a little with the years and now show a certain middle-aged distaste for the flying trapeze. The Di Gatanos jump up and down on a sort of glorified spring bed and, for all I know, are superlative at it, while Buck and Bubbles sing and dance in the casual, preoccupied manner for which they are celebrated. For good measure there is a hyper-shapely girl, so cleverly constructed that she can smoke cigarettes with her feet. Altogether, as you can see, you get a lot for your money. Now and then it almost seemed to me like too much.

AT the moment there is an idea going around that there is a new public on Broadway, made up of fighting men and war workers, who will put up with practically anything because few of them have ever been in a legitimate theatre before in their lives. Even if this pretty theory were revised to take in people who have never even worn shoes, however, I doubt if it would account for "My Dear Public," which opened last Thursday at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. This melancholy exhibit, described as a "revusical," is about a zipper magnate who gets into show business. and it is remarkable chiefly for the number of grisly jokes that can be made about zippers and the presence in it of Willie Howard, who must be as embarrassed about the whole thing as I am. According to Sam Zolotow's invaluable *Theatrical Guide*, "My Dear Public" was withdrawn last year in Philadelphia for revisions. The mind staggers at the thought of what it must have been like before it was revised.

"BLOSSOM TIME," revisited at the Ambassador, looked to me about the same as it always has and presumably always will. The music is still very nice indeed, of course, and it is competently handled by such pleasant performers as Alexander Gray (Schubert), Barbara Scully (Mitzi), and Roy Cropper (Baron Schober). The comedy seemed even more infantile than I'd remembered it, perhaps because Doug Leavitt, as the maniacal Kranz, has been encouraged to give it the works. The plot we'll just ignore.

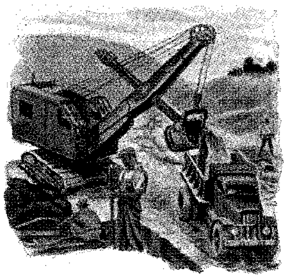
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

A NEW DAY DAWNS IN RAILROADING



Flow of war materials has more than doubled the normal volume of freight hauled by the Western Pacific Railroad from Salt Lake City to San Francisco through the Feather River Canyon. Wherever the going is toughest on this rugged route, General Motors Diesel freight locomotives are the "commandos" of motive power which keep this vast stream of vital munitions moving steadily toward the men who will mop up Hirohito.

Here is a crack "Express Train" of 1865 as pictured by Currier & Ives. Four years later an important new era in our transportation and economic history was celebrated with the completion of the first railroad linking the Atlantic and Pacific.



Construction is entering a new day too. War building is being rushed ahead with reliable General Motors Diesel power. And in the days to come this dependable, rugged, economical power will be ready to do the hard jobs of peace.

Throughout history, wars have set up new milestones of transportation progress. And with this war, it is the General Motors Diesel Locomotive that is ushering in the new era. What advances the future will bring are already apparent in the present performance of these locomotives and the way they are helping to meet the abnormal demands upon the railroads today.

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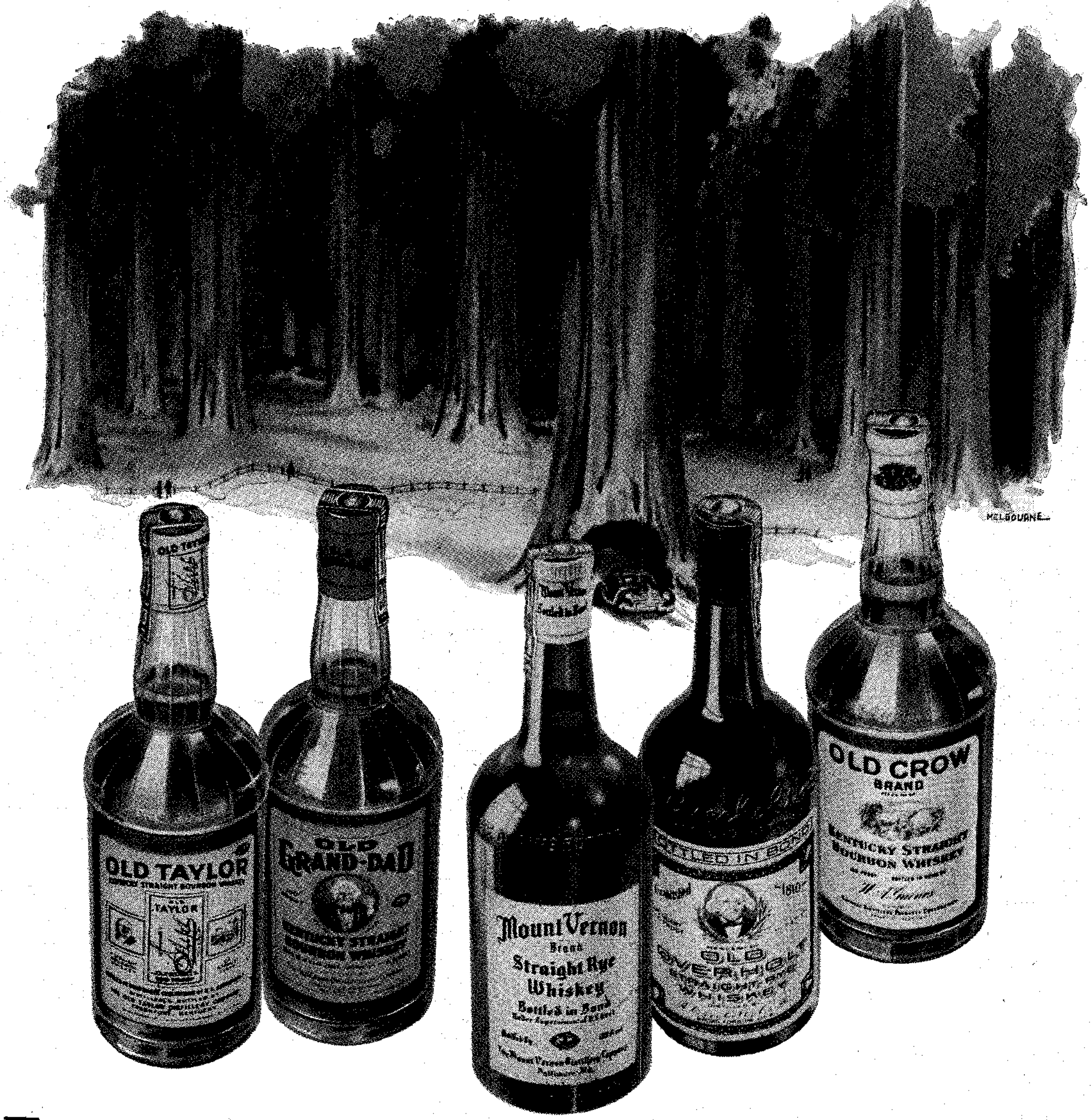
They have a Future...*because they have a Past!*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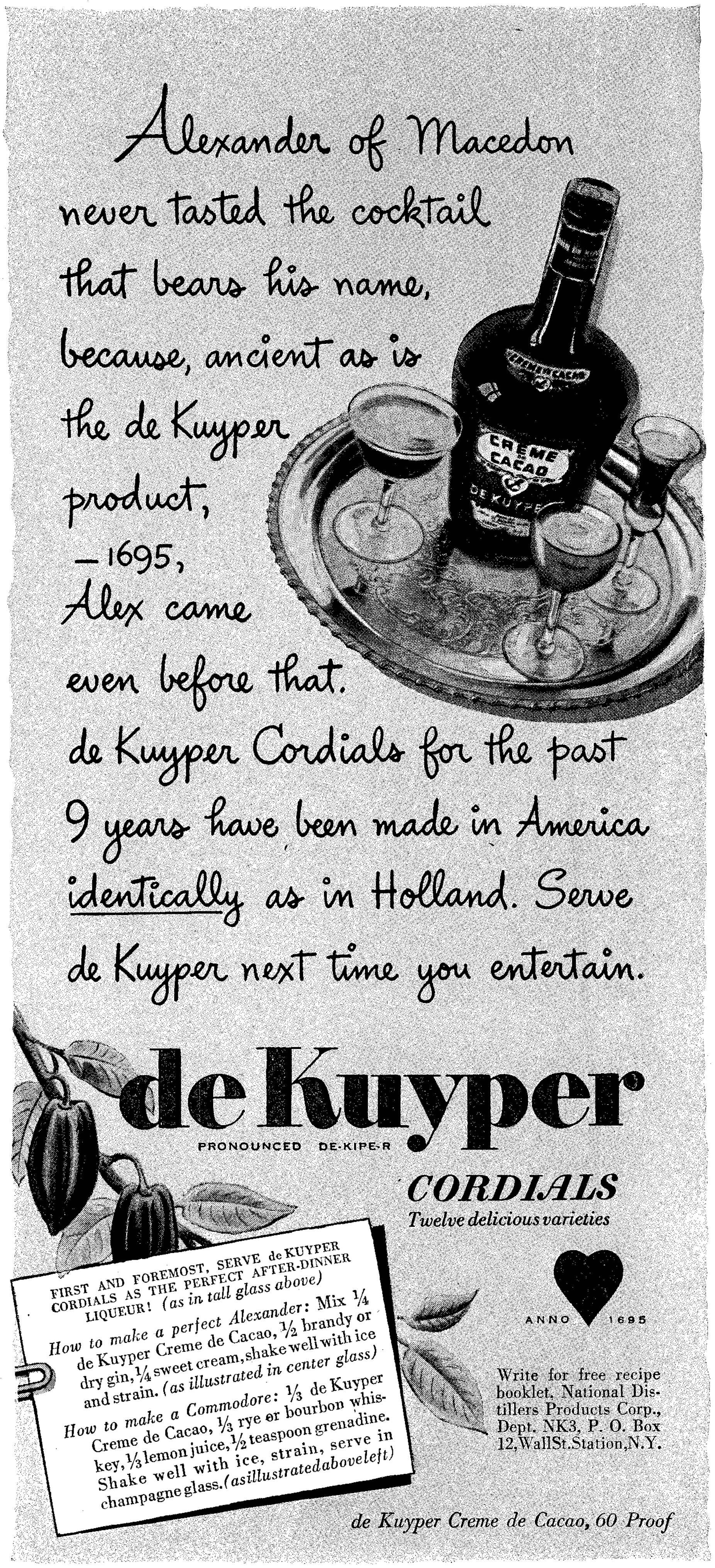
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Defeat

WELL, "So Proudly We Hail" is a bad picture, but it's a bad picture worth discussing, which is *something.* The siege of Bataan and Corregidor, as seen through the eyes of a group of Army nurses, is certainly a promising subject, and, to be fair, "So Proudly We Hail" handles it with surprisingly little of the innocent bad taste characteristic of Hollywood war films. It does nothing to dishonor the tragic memories that will always be associated with the names of Bataan and Corregidor. Its faults are all failures of technique rather than of taste. For one thing, it's interminably long, about twenty minutes' running time being added by a cumbersome flashback technique which is, as far as I could tell, utterly unnecessary. Its big fault, though, is that it's cluttered with extraneous military and geographical detail. Naïve people in the entertainment business have always had the notion that fact is somehow superior to fiction and that the noblest work of fiction is improved by the addition of facts, any sort of facts. Well, fiction can absorb facts, all right, but you can't just pelt a fictional script with pellets of fact and expect any kind of result. In this case, Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, and their numerous colleagues never did succeed in taking off into the world of illusion, simply because their frail little vehicle was weighted down with information about military procedure, the exact location of base hospitals, the construction of the tunnels on Corregidor, and similar lumpy facts. "So Proudly We Hail" merely demonstrates that you can't successfully cross a documentary film with Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, and Claudette Colbert.

SPEAKING of real documentaries, "The City That Stopped Hitler—Heroic Stalingrad" may not be the best thing of its kind, but it's concerned with one of the most significant and exciting military campaigns of the war, and you'd better see it. In spite of the necessary imperfections of front-line photography and the sometimes haphazard arrangement of scenes, the



Alexander of Macedon never tasted the cocktail that bears his name, because, ancient as is the de Kuyper product, —1695, Alex came even before that.

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PRONOUNCED DE-KIPE-R
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Twelve delicious varieties

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FIRST AND FOREMOST, SERVE de KUYPER CORDIALS AS THE PERFECT AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR! *(as in tall glass above)*

How to make a perfect Alexander: Mix ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ½ brandy or dry gin, ¼ sweet cream, shake well with ice and strain. *(as illustrated in center glass)*

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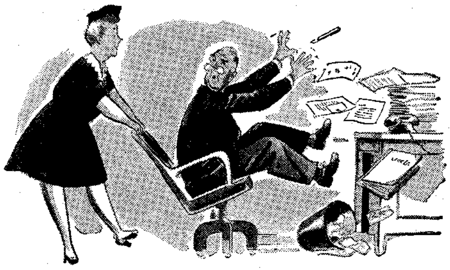

Get away from it all
— for a while

The red and golden months of Fall offer a new and ideal world at Saratoga Spa. Here life at The Gideon and a "Restoration Cure" at The Spa, combine to melt away war-weary nerves. The privacy and serenity of a great country house. Food that even in these days deserves its national reputation. Here autumn stages an Adirondack gala while the air from the pines is brisk and invigorating. Through trains from New York. No car needed. The Gideon is now so noted and desirable, early reservations are advisable. Privately operated, E. C. Sweeny, Lessee.

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AT SARATOGA SPA
SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK
The Spa is Owned and its Health Services Operated
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film does succeed in showing you what it would be like to wage war in the streets of your own city. You ought to be warned, though, that the film is very gruesome.

"Jeannie" is a wispy little British import, an unpretentious comedy about a Scottish girl who inherits some money and goes on a trip to prewar Vienna and meets a count and—oh, you know. Highly inoffensive.

"THOUSANDS CHEER" is a hearty and foolish musical show in Technicolor. Iturbi is in it, Mickey Rooney is in it, Gene Kelly is in it; it will exhaust you. It will also confuse you a bit, because some of the actors in it pretend to be somebody else—like for instance Gene Kelly pretends to be a guy named Eddy Marsh—and some of them are just themselves, Iturbi being Iturbi and Mickey Rooney Mickey Rooney. I didn't mind Iturbi being Iturbi, but Mickey Rooney being Mickey Rooney I *did* mind, and I'm not going to pretend I didn't. It just made it that much worse, somehow. This is merely personal and does not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of this department, but I can't stand the sight of Mickey Rooney; never could.

Gene Kelly must be quite a problem to his employers. He's a beautiful dancer, but he's not a musical-comedy actor. However foolish the lines given him to recite, he imports to them a certain freshness totally uncharacteristic of the average song cue, and this tends to make all the other actors look silly. The horse of sincerity in the bathroom of musical comedy, that's Gene Kelly.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
(BRYN MAWR MATING DIVISION)

[*From the Bronx Parkchester Press-Review*]

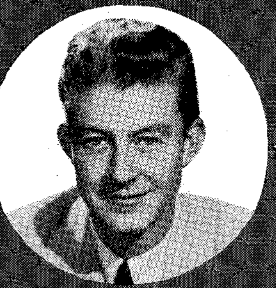
It was at a dance at Bryn Mawr college, Bryn Mawr, Pa., that two college couples met. And it was a result of that meeting that the couples separated, and that the former Eleanor Walsh, and John McGuire, now at 1725 Purdy st., fell in love, and finally married. Today the couple have an 8-month-old baby.

As Mrs. McGuire tells the story, she had arranged to meet her best girl friend and escort, at the dance, and she then met the escort whom she married. By a coincidence, her girl friend's boy friend, was the best friend of her husband.

Their baby, Janet Anne, has blue eyes, blonde hair that is curly like the father's and who is a graduate of Villanova College, of Villanova, Pa.

Baby Janet Anne now has four teeth, the last upper two arriving on Tuesday morning.

JOHNNY LONG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



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OF ALL THINGS

Hitler's speech on the surrender of Italy makes everything crystal clear. He is relieved of a great burden and he will never forgive the Italians for relieving him.

•

Fortunately, most of the Italian fleet was able to escape to Allied ports. A while back, however, it had begun to look as if these boats had lost their power of locomotion.

•

The British Eighth Army must be pleased to learn that Field Marshal Rommel has turned up in Italy. It'll be just like old times, gazing upon that old familiar back again.

•

The G.O.P. gathering at Mackinac Island was certainly an exclusive affair. There seems to have been a rule that nobody who had ever been defeated by Roosevelt was eligible to attend.

•

The possession of air bases in Italy will allow the Allies to improve their deliveries to Germany. Our bombers will be able to render efficient, prompt service to just about every part of the Reich.

•

Meat-ration stamps have made their appearance in the new fall shade of brown, in contrast to the previous season's red. They are much admired by everybody except the butcher.

•

General MacArthur reports that he has trapped a fine mess of Japs at Lae. Every day it grows a little harder for a sensitive person to keep up his uncomplacency.

•

This past week Americans united in a patriotic declaration of their income taxes. Probably many of them hadn't realized just how much they owed to their country.

•

Experiments at the Harvard Medical School prove that a person can get along perfectly well on five grams of meat a day besides the other things on the menu. This is wonderful news to keep from the OPA.

—Howard Brubaker

Cooke
their daughter
ouncing the m
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Richard
eutenant, Ar
onday the twentieth of September
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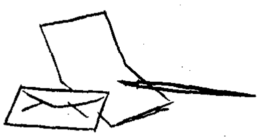
For those who are particular about their correspondence



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SENOR WENCES, CHRISTINE AYRES, SARA ANN McCABE
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OKLAHOMA!
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THE RAINY SEASON

Lieutenant (j.g.) Stearns stood watching the rivulets of brown water swirl along, eating at the thick mud cover of the low coral mound that was the pier. The rain was coming down like wet snow, hiding the ships in the harbor, half filling their boats as they came and went. His heavy navy-blue raincoat was wet through and he could feel the water trickle down his back, mingling with his sweat.

It was the rainy season in the South Pacific and Stearns felt incongruous in his blue raincoat and black shoes beside the men on the pier in khaki. He looked out across the harbor and then at his gear, lumped on the mud a few feet away. He wondered irritably when the car would come.

From a dirty tin-and-wood shack a sailor in wet dungarees and hip boots came toward him.

"Any chance of getting a car down here before my gear floats away?" Stearns asked.

"No, sir," the sailor said, coming nearer. "Not for a while, sir. When it rains like this everybody needs a car at the base. You can't get around up there without one."

"What do they expect me to do, carry this stuff up?"

"I don't know, sir. Maybe there'll be a truck or something going up."

Stearns looked at the mud-streaked face of the sailor and saw that he was only a boy.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eighteen, sir."

"Have you been here long?"

"Six months, sir. Not very long."

Not very long, Stearns thought as he looked at the rows of palms that covered the hills above the bay. I hope I can last that long. He could feel the water in his shoes as though he were standing in a shower. Several men were throwing sea bags into a motor whaleboat at the end of the pier.

"Where are they going?" Stearns asked.

"Back to the States, sir. Some of them have got malaria or dengy pretty bad."

"What's dengue like?"

"You feel sick at first, sir, and then you feel worse, until your bones hurt and you lie in your sack and vomit all day long."

"What causes it?"

"Mosquitoes, I guess. Maybe it's from swimming in the river."

"Fresh water?"

"Yes, sir."

Stearns felt better. He was from the Middle West and he had never been in salt water. He had been a little worried about jellyfish and barracuda.

A truck sloshed up behind him and came to a skidding stop. Mud covered the rims.

"Here's a truck, sir. You can go up now."

The young sailor walked to the pile of gear and brought the suitcases over to the truck. The labels that had been pasted on so carefully were hanging limply from the sides, their colors merging garishly.

"Put that stuff in with the driver," Stearns said. "I'll ride in the back."

He walked through the ooze to the rear of the truck and hoisted himself aboard. The sailor put his gear inside the cab and shut the door. He waved cheerfully as the truck turned and rumbled away.

Stearns stood on the bottom boards of the truck and braced himself against the top as the truck gathered speed, spattering mud high on the trunks of the palms at the side of the road. The foliage was man-high below the palms, but here and there it had been cut away for the erection of a supply dump or a cluster of Quonset huts. The truck turned with the ruts and growled up a hill. Through the palms he could see a Quonset village laid out on a plateau. Some of the huts were numbered; others had signs: "Dispensary," "Personnel," "Fleet P.O.," "Construction H.Q." The truck rolled past them and stopped at a hut numbered 23. The driver switched off the ignition and opened the door of the cab.

"Here you are, sir," he said. "I'll get your gear inside."

"Thanks," Stearns said. He walked to the side of the truck and climbed down into the mud.

There was a single-plank walk between the road and the hut. The lieutenant took one of the suitcases and started down the narrow walk. The board sagged in the middle and he could feel the warm mud cover the tops of his oxfords.

Inside the screen door four officers were sitting on cots. Two of them were playing cribbage, one was reading a letter, and the other was drinking a bottle of beer. Stearns stood in the doorway and put down his suitcase.

"Hello," he said. "Is there an extra bunk?"

"No," the beer-drinker said. "But there's a cot and here's a bottle of beer."

"Thanks," Stearns said. He took the

bottle of beer. It felt warm in his hand.

"My name's Phillips," the other said.

"Stearns," the lieutenant said, looking for an opener.

"Over there," Phillips said. He pointed to a nail projecting from the side of a rafter.

Stearns hooked the cap under the nail and pulled. The warm beer spurted up and foamed over the top of the bottle.

"Drink it before it cools," Phillips said. Stearns could see the gold wings above the left pocket of his khaki shirt. They were green with verdigris.

He drank the beer while the driver brought in the rest of his gear.

"Anything else, sir?"

"I guess that's all. Thanks, driver."

Phillips motioned to the edge of a vacant cot.

"Here for duty?"

"Yes. Communications." Stearns took off his soaked raincoat and hung it on the nail that had opened his beer. Water dripped on the floor in large, rapid drops.

"Been in the Navy long?"

"No," Stearns said. He did not want to explain that he had been in uniform only a few weeks.

"I'm going back," the flier said. "I got my orders yesterday and I'm waiting for transportation."

"Leave?"

"No, we don't get that out here. I was up on Guadalcanal during the fighting. I guess they kept me there too long. Anyway, I'm grounded now. I don't know what they'll do with me. Have another beer," Phillips said. "A friend of mine flew it in from Pearl. It's pretty scarce out here."

"No thanks," Stearns said. "I'll get some of my gear stowed away." He was glad he had said it right. He had almost said "put away my stuff." It made a difference.

The flier pointed to the man with the letter. "He's going back, too. They're sending him to a new ship. His last one's helping pave Iron Bottom Bay."

"Where's that?" Stearns asked.

"Off Savo," the flier said. He reached under his cot and pulled another bottle from a cardboard carton.

The man reading the letter put it away and came over to them. "My name's Redding," he said.

"Stearns. Frank Stearns."

"Been out here long?"

"No. Just got here."

"On the transport?"

"Yes," Stearns said.

"I saw her come in this morning. I've

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been waiting to go back. Probably go aboard tomorrow."

"Glad to go?"

"Christ, yes," Redding said. "I haven't been home since before Pearl Harbor. We shoved off afterward and never went back."

"Your ship was sunk?"

"Yes," Redding said. "And now I don't have any gear to worry about."

They sat for a moment listening to the boom of the rain pelting the tin roof of their hut.

"Rainy season again," the flier said. "I'll be damn glad to go."

"How long does it last?" Stearns asked.

"Couple of months. Then it gets hot."

Stearns got up and opened one of his suitcases. There were some dry socks and dry khakis. The khakis had never been worn and they were shiny with sizing. The flier's shirt was faded, almost white.

"Where's the Administration hut?" Stearns asked. He had almost said "building."

"Over at Personnel, if you want your orders endorsed," Redding said. "There won't be anybody there now. Better try after dinner or in the morning. There's no hurry."

Stearns sat on the edge of his cot and took off his wet clothes and his muddy shoes. One of the men who had been playing cribbage spoke to the flier. "You're a short-timer, birdman," he said. "Back to the U.S.O. for you."

"Maybe so," Phillips said. "I could damn well use some of that stateside duty."

Stearns felt better in a dry shirt. "How about bedclothes?" he asked.

Redding laughed. "There's a blanket on the shelf," he said. "We don't use sheets. Can't launder them."

Stearns stood up and took a blanket from the shelf. A little rim of gray-green mold was forming at the edges. There was a pile of mosquito netting nearby.

"Any blues with you?" Redding asked.

"Yes."

"Send 'em back. This boat, if you can."

"Why? Don't you—"

"Never wear 'em. They'll be ruined by the mold in a week—greener than grass."

"Or palm leaves in the rain," the flier said.

Stearns saw that Phillips was looking out of the screen door toward the harbor. He watched him for a moment and then started unfolding the blanket. He smoothed it over the cot.

Redding moved over to him. He gestured toward the flier, who was now standing in the doorway. "He's all through," Redding said softly. "He must have been a swell guy once, but he's had too much of it." The flier sat down on his cot again.

Stearns leaned over and took some things from the suitcase—a leather writing case, handkerchiefs, and a cardboard picture folder. He brought it over beside his cot and dusted it carefully. In a corner of the room there was a bookcase made from a box. He unfolded the picture of his wife and put it on the upper shelf, facing his cot. He looked at it for a moment and then looked out of the doorway down the hill toward the harbor. The rain was coming down harder now and he could feel the fine spray through the screen of the porch as the drops hit it. The palms swayed in the wind and dripped like porous umbrellas.

He turned and took the rest of the things from his suitcase. It would be better when he had unpacked. In the morning he would see about his orders.

—Howard Hunt

•

Two-year-old Ila Muckey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Muckey, 1829 Two and One-Half st. S., Minneapolis, found a safety pin in a blanket late Wednesday, removed it and put it in her mouth.

General hospital surgeons found the pin in her throat, moved it and put it in her mother.

Her parents removed her from the hospital and put her back in her bed.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Quite a day.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(DIVISION OF LOGIC)

[*From the Mirror*]

Contrary to the Carole Landis desire for culture and charm in her man, it's interesting to consider the type of man who causes Betty Grable heart throbs. Jackie Coogan, George Raft and finally Harry James, all might be described as the none-too-ruddy cut of man. "Pasty-faced," Hollywood calls them quite candidly—"certainly not the picture of rugged health."

Any of them look like a ten-minute horse back ride, or a good ski jump might kill them. But there it is . . . over and over Betty chooses the same design. It seems strange when you consider her gay sportsmanship, and yen for lovely feminine pastels in her bedroom which is exotic with alluring scents from her perfume collection. A sallow looking man sounds out of key.

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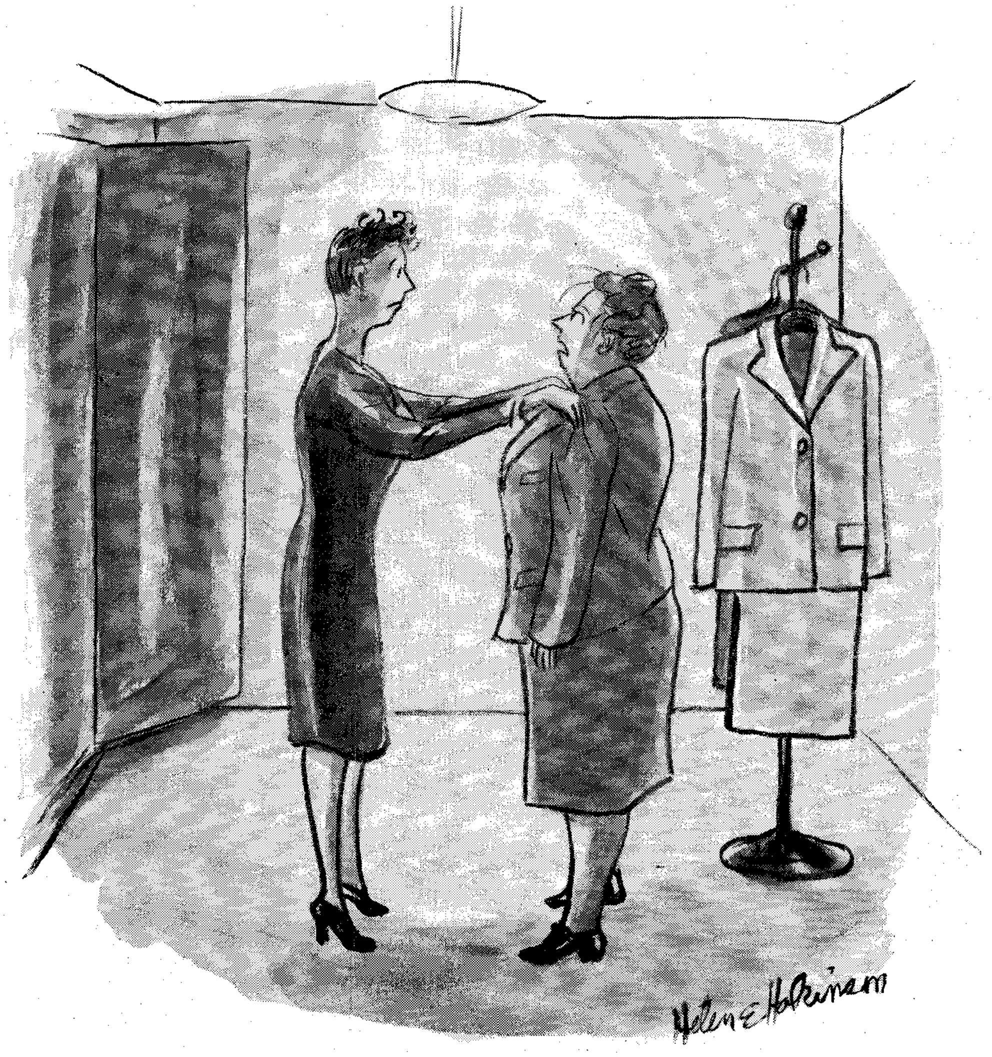
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

DESPITE the (need I say?) detailed and explicit regulations of the government, the leading couturiers in town have demonstrated in their fall showings that it is still possible to come up with innovations in the silhouette. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, Sophie is experimenting with a highly dramatic line, in which the top of a dress is molded from the neck to the hipbone and ends in a vast bow down one side. The long-waisted effect this achieves is particularly noticeable in one evening dress whose top is of black jersey and whose skirt, in blatant contrast, is of giddy plaid taffeta. At Bendel, there is a Scott Fitzgerald flapper look about several of the cocktail and dinner dresses. This is especially true of a remarkably skimpy and almost sleeveless black crêpe sheath, which has, suspended from a wrapped pink satin sash at the waist, fat panniers of stiff pink satin all around the hips. It's also true of the Bendel dress with the day-length underskirt and full-length sheer overskirt. This is of black net, with a sleeveless, straight-across top (emphatically the style of the twenties, or shouldn't I remember?) and a net overskirt that has black velvet appliqué.

If your life in the evening is extremely grand—possibly someone's life still is—Fira Benenson, at Bonwit Teller, has done, in every possible fabric, a very tight dress with fullness starting below the knees in back and trailing on the floor. Wearing this, you make a rather fussy swish when you walk. Benenson, who, like the other important designers, is quite frankly offering long evening dresses again, is the only one who goes so far as to have them trail. For daytime, she is Different again because she avoids the tubular, pencil look favored by most other houses, which go in for wide shoulders and narrow hems. Her silhouette is just the reverse; the skirts are circular and as wide as the law permits, waistlines are snug, bodices are tight, shoulders are moderate, and the dresses are topped by the tiniest possible plaques plastered well forward on your head and usually bristling with birds' wings. The general effect is of a rather attenuated pyramid, and it looks, regardless of how it may sound, graceful and easy.

TO go into details: Bonwit's Benenson collection is beautiful all the way through. The air of quiet luxury her clothes have depends not on obvious bows and flowers and sequins and jet but on hand detail that makes the simplest fabric look intricate. Most of this work appears on the front of bodices which, whether they turn out to be separate jackets or not, are as snug as a fencer's and contrast sharply with the outward sweep of the skirt below. There are, for instance, tucks, which are usually in the geometric patterns that are a Benenson passion this year. They make a brick-wall design on the bodice of a navy wool dress with a simple round neck or on a belted green jersey day dress; they make honeycomb smocking on a jacket and around the décolletage of a white crêpe evening dress, and so on. There are slot seams on jackets to emphasize the small waistline of a red duvetyn suit or on a suit of black velours. The black satin blouse of the velours suit reveals still another trick, a checkerboard pattern which looks, on this particular blouse, like interlacing strips of black satin ribbon. This stunt is also tried on a satin dinner suit, with dull chiffon and bright satin squares alternating on the jacket. Shirred self fabric (the shop calls it francage, just to be difficult) in various patterns adds interest to simple crêpe day and evening dresses; sometimes the shirring is appliquéd with crescents. Hemstitching is used, Vionnet fashion, to make tiny, sheer patterns on wool and crêpe dresses, and inserts of sheer chiffon give a lift to otherwise plain dresses of black wool or black broadcloth. Benenson also manages a padded effect on some jack-



"But can't you *see* I'm the dowdy type."

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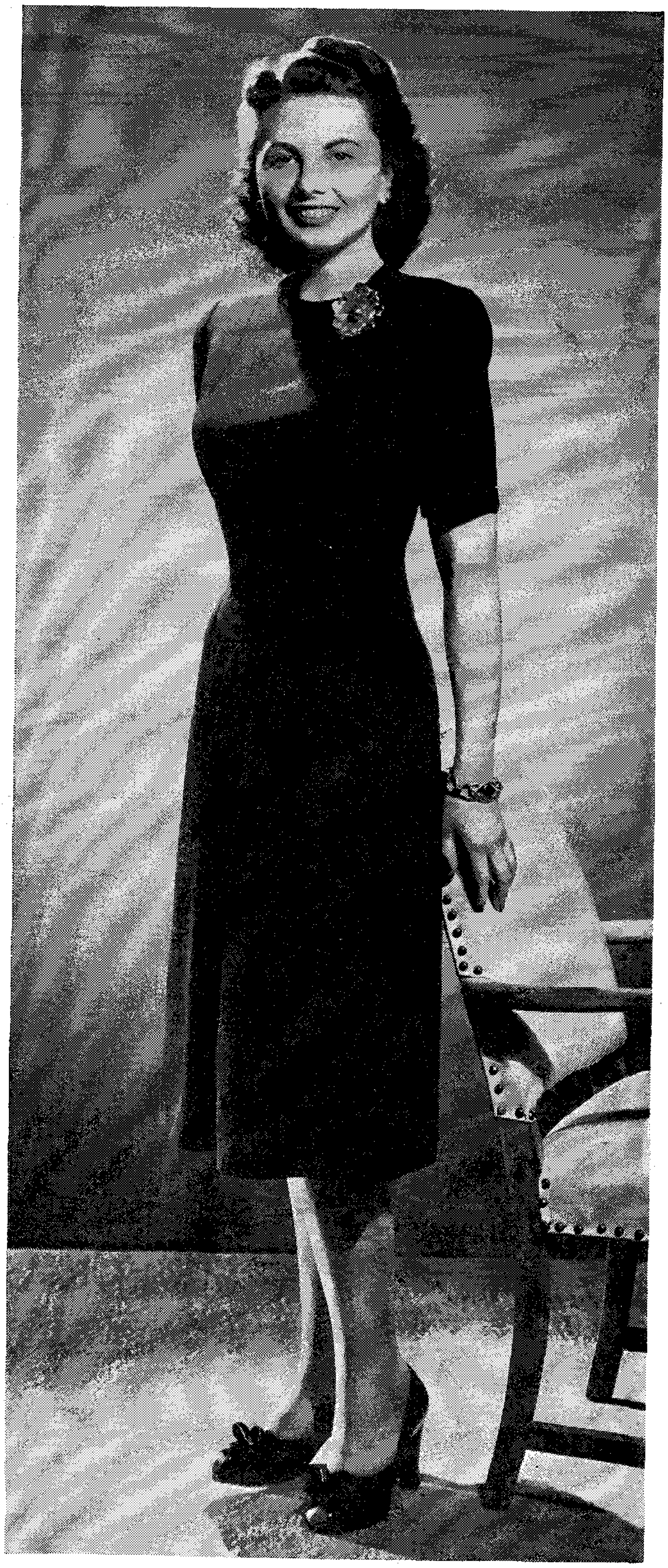

"I had thought I was fat for life," —says Mary Jane Bevan, now a slim, successful war-plant secretary at 20

EVER SINCE she could remember, Mary Jane Bevan of Monessen, Pa., had been "just plain fat"—and not allowed to forget it. Teased and nick-named all through school, she pretended she didn't care. But it's no fun graduating in a size 18 dress, and when she got her first job, she wished she could be slender and pretty, like other girls in the office.

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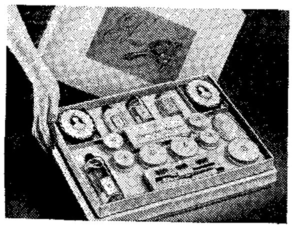
Above, Mary Jane when she weighed 152. Right, streamlined figure, smooth, glowing skin, glamorous make-up, new hair-style—all make her the lovely girl she is today.



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ets, either with cording, which gives a Persian-lamb look to a quiet black crêpe suit, or with beads. I especially liked a midnight-blue slipper-satin dress with diagonals of red beads on the front of its snug jacket, which is of the same fabric. Gathers and loose tucks are used on the front of the simplest sort of matelassé or satin or faille afternoon dresses to give a sort of camisole effect, and are topped with a ruffle. They're the kind that women used to travel all the way to Paris to find.

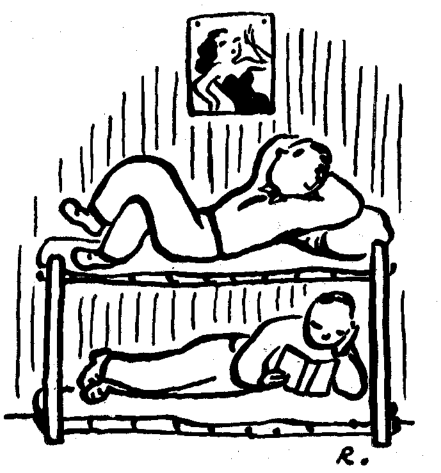
The necklines of the Benenson collection are tantalizing without being too décolleté. The jackets often end in a severe band collar, but the necklines of the accompanying dresses, both day and evening, reveal considerable chest. There is every possible variation of the low, square neckline (which I love), the most extreme of which produces a décolletage that looks like the outline of a big keyhole, or maybe *you* can describe it. The neck is snug around the collarbone until it reaches the base of the throat, then the fabric is cut downward and outward for a distance to a line low and straight across, just above the bosom.

BENDEL'S clothes, too, have the elegance of apparent simplicity and a refreshing absence of jet, which, though it is beautiful when adroitly used, has been spoiled for me by the copyists for inexpensive houses. Bendel necks are likely to be high and round, sleeves are long and tight, and there is almost no nudity, even in cocktail and dinner dresses. A couple of the best coats in town are to be found here—a black wool princesse affair with black Persian pockets to give a suit effect in front, and a bright-green wool coat with very deep pockets arching up and jutting out a bit from the hips. Bendel's wool dresses, mostly belted, are wonderful. One sedate purple wool has goring on the skirt for excitement; a nubbly black wool has black cellophane embroidery on the pocket to discreetly catch the discerning eye; inverted pleats, high in front, are the main attraction of a modest black crêpe dress. This establishment likes suits with loose, fingertip-length jackets and tuxedo fronts. Gray-and-white squirrel appears on a gray wool suit, and a midnight-blue wool one has a minute edging of black Persian lamb. Short box jackets appear, too; a notable one, worn over a plain black wool dress, has a lining of black lapin. Bendel likes waist-length, contrasting tops or jackets. A black jersey dress has a tight, waist-length blue angora jacket fastened with two black frogs in front.

One of the nicest evening dresses has a long-sleeved top of blue-green lamé, with the black velvet of the circular skirt curling upward to make a design on the round-necked bodice. For dinner clothes, there are things like crisp gray satin suits, with black velvet lapels embroidered in silver thread; black velveteen suits with white lace blouses having pleated lace at the wrists and throat; and—this is a honey—a buttoned, collarless black wool jumper, gleaming darkly with sapphire paillettes, over a day- or evening-length black skirt.

For evening, as I have already said, the top designers are delightedly making long skirts again. Bendel, always famous for "débutante," full-skirted frocks, still has them. One is of blue taffeta with an off-the-shoulder neckline and black velvet open-work embroidery on the hem of the skirt.

SOPHIE, at Saks-Fifth Avenue, has always made a habit of pert, youthful suits with surprising blouses, and this year is no exception. There seems to be no limit to the number of ideas that she can think up to vary these, either. She puts bands of black velvet on black wool and uses the combination in a suit which she shows with a white lace blouse tied together by strings of black velvet ribbon. She shows green corduroy with a purple satin blouse, and—what do you know?—it looks divine. More elaborately, half-moons of black braid emphasize the pockets on a pale-gray wool suit with a black crêpe blouse. She revives the alliance of white ermine with black wool for day suits; the ermine makes a bow at the neck of the accompanying black satin blouse or forms the revers and the cuffs. A new idea is sleeveless vests to give the effect of a jumper when a day jacket is removed or to make your costume look like a man's suit, assuming the man is in mufti. And with these there are looping, old-



fashioned watch chains yet! Other gimmicks include dripping gold-metal ornaments worn on the left pocket of jackets and wonderful vulture-feather hats by Josephi. The feathers are not curly but are very soft and are usually presented in the form of tiny plaques to tilt over one eye, with miniature feather muffs to match. These plaques are especially successful in pink, worn with the simplest possible brown wool suit.

Sophie's pet trick to elaborate plain materials is to mass tiny dull beads so close together that they give a brocaded effect. A dress of brown wool has a bird design all over it achieved in this way. These beads also decorate fitted jackets over evening dresses.

Sophie shows long, full-skirted, lace-and-chiffon evening dresses with delicately transparent tops or of the highly tailored type—this year with the necessary slash in front outlined by a circular flounce which whips about as you walk. I love, too, her loose, fingertip-length evening jackets with tuxedo fronts. One example of this sort of thing is a dark green satin jacket which goes over an evening suit with a beaded jacket. Another example is of black satin, with ermine revers. The accompanying evening suit, though it also has a fitted black jacket with sheer white marquisette folded into the V of the neckline, is no more masculine than Betty Grable. In the spirit of the nineties, a form-fitting black velvet dress hugs the figure to the knees, where a white ermine bow at one side matches the cape that is worn with it. Those vulture feathers are also used, appropriately enough, to increase the *femme-fatale* air of Sophie's black velvet evening dresses.

—L. L.

•

If a bomb of any kind falls in your vicinity, report it *only* to your air raid warden. When that is done, never again mention it.—*Sonora* (*Calif.*) *Union Democrat.*

What do you think we are, an old talky-talk boy?

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

Col. Jack Warner is noted for his gags. He is the first to admit that many of them are pretty corny. When he sat down at a table at Twenty-One to have lunch the other day, he picked up an ash tray that was in his way, handed it to the waiter, and said, "Here, take this back and have them put more butter on it." Then he looked at the menu and spied the "poisson" or fish list. "So you serve poison here?" he said. Later during the . . .

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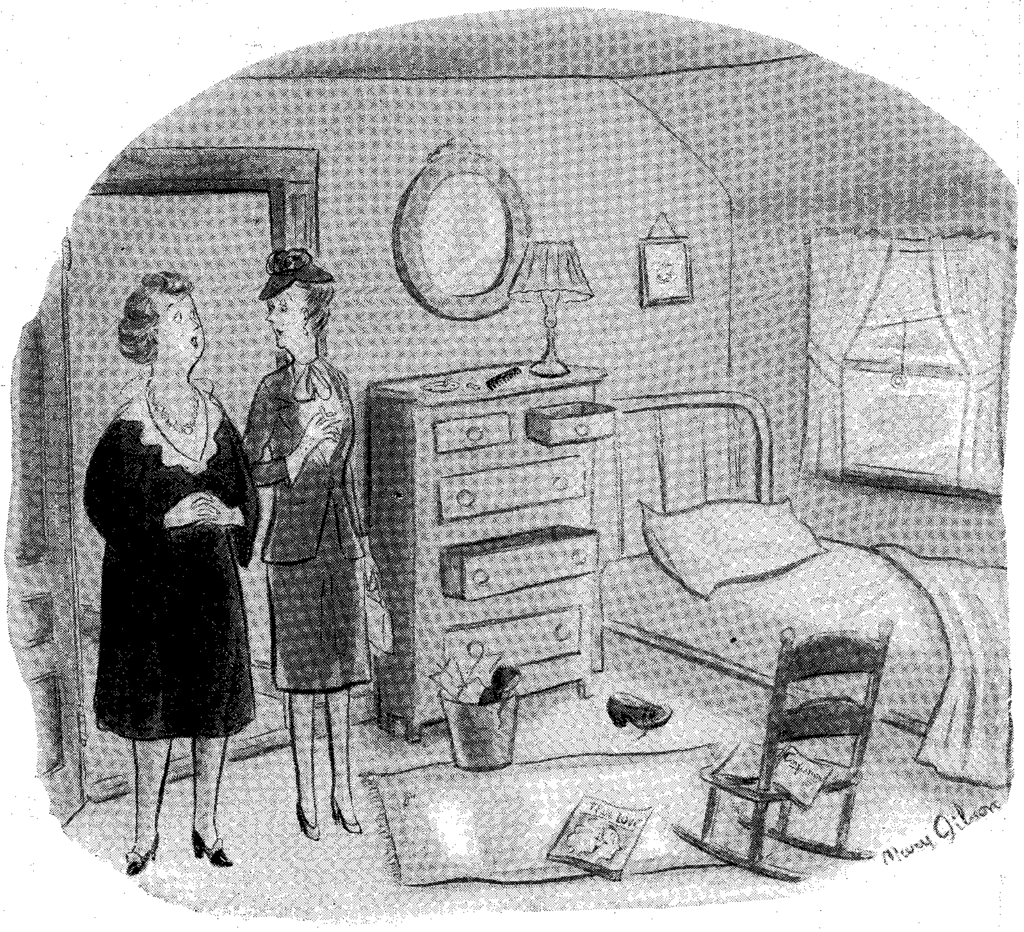
A REPORTER AT LARGE

BEFORE THE CHAMPAGNE

THERE is something pleasant, reassuring, and deceptive about the stock newsreel shots of the launching of an American naval vessel. The unathletic matron swats the bow with the champagne bottle, the admiral smiles, the new man o' war goes sliding down the ways and splashes into the water, and our Navy is mightier by one more flawless ship. Americans get the impression that shipbuilding is a kind of miracle we can pass whenever we feel like it, and without too much difficulty. Until recently, when I looked over a light cruiser four days before her launching, I had only the vaguest notion of the struggle and headaches that precede the arrival of the newsreel cameramen. The ship was the Houston. Her construction had been started in the yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Company not long after an earlier Houston was sunk, more than a year ago, in the Battle of the Java Sea.

I got down to the Newport News yards early one morning and was led by a receptionist to the office of Mr. Harold T. Bent, superintendent of the company's steel-hull division. Mr. Bent turned out to be a distinguished-looking, gray-haired New Englander in his middle fifties. He has been with the Newport News firm for twenty-eight years and during the past few years has had a hand in the construction of several important American naval vessels—the Enterprise, the Boise, the Yorktown, and the Hornet, among others. Scattered around his office were three or four ships' models, several paintings of ships he helped build, and a drawing board on which lay some rolled-up blueprints. Near his desk was an air-conditioning machine. He said that on account of the racket in the yards outside, he rarely opened his windows. He told me that he intended to take me aboard the Houston but that first he wanted to discuss the ship with me in the quiet of his office. "So easy to get things wrong," he said. "For instance, I'll bet right now that the Houston will be called a boat by lots of people. Well, she isn't. She's a ship. A boat's something that can go on a ship, like a lifeboat. Now, I ask you, what ship could the Houston be put on?" When I gave up, Mr. Bent pulled out the bottom drawer of his desk, tipped back in his swivel chair, and placed his feet on the drawer. "Some people think, too," he said, "that when a ship's launched she's ready to steam out and do battle with the enemy. Wish they were right. I'd have less to worry about." Mr. Bent explained that after the launching of the Houston she would be towed a couple of hundred yards down the James River to a fitting pier. Many things would happen to her there. She would be painted battleship gray and her gun mounts and turrets would be hoisted aboard. Furniture, curtains, reading lamps, and ashtrays would be installed. A soda fountain, a dentist's and a doctor's office, a barbershop, and a ship's store, complete down to such details as candy, socks, and ties, would be made ready. A machine shop, too, would be installed so that damaged gear could be repaired at sea. Mr. Bent explained that if all the equipment were put aboard before the launching, the ways might buckle under the load. It would be some time after the launching before the Houston's commissioning day rolled around. "That's the day the Navy says O.K., they'll take the ship," Mr. Bent said. "And it's a fine day for me. There's a small ceremony at the fitting pier and a few elbows are raised. Then the skipper hands me a receipt. It's on a small piece of paper and it says, in effect, 'Received, one light cruiser from the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Company.'"

Mr. Bent said that while all the hoopla of the launching was going on the following Saturday, he and his assistants would be busily and anxiously seeing to it that the Houston got into the water all right. "Plenty can go wrong at a clumsy launching," he said. "Ship won't capsize, but she can foul the bottom with her rudder, the struts might dig into the mud, the propeller shafting could be hurt, and the bottom plating bumped cockeyed. See, that ship weighs thousands of tons and she's sitting in her timber cradle on ways greased with the most slippery stuff we can find. Hull's on a slope, too. Ship wants to get



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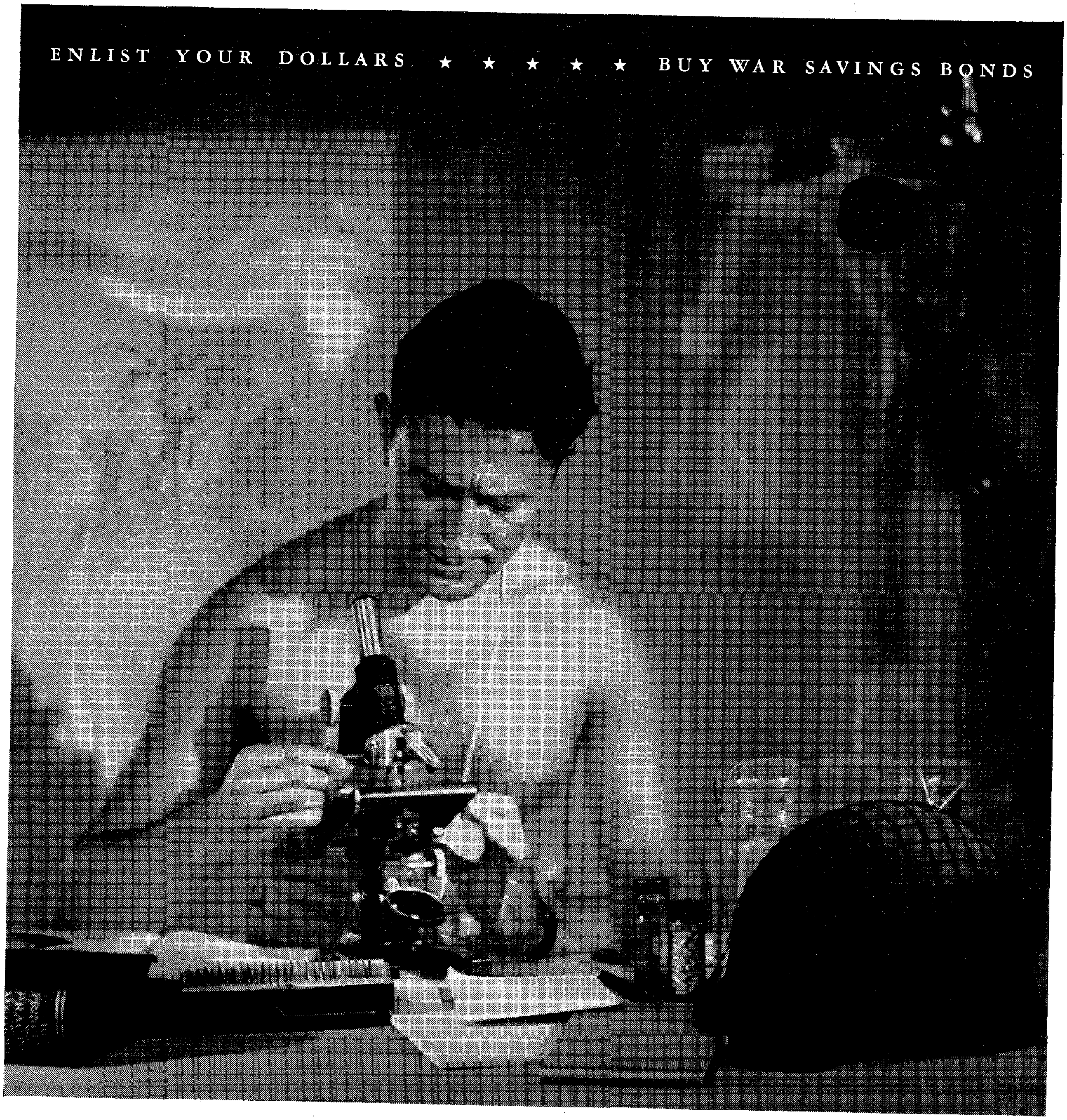
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into the water, but we won't let her until we're good and ready." The ship is kept from sliding off the ways by a series of steel braces called triggers, which grip the ship's hull from the sides. The triggers, which work by hydraulic pressure, are not released until crews of men called ramming gangs, armed with thirty-foot-long poles, have knocked out all the wooden supports, or shores, beneath the hull. The timing of the entire launching operation, Mr. Bent said, is worked out to the second. Supervisors' watches are synchronized. The trigger crew, which works under the hull in a pit from which it can see nothing of what the rammers are doing, waits for a signal to release the triggers. "Of course," Mr. Bent admitted, "our most careful plans can go haywire." He cited the recent launching of a carrier, the new Yorktown. "Turned out to be a little heavier than we'd calculated," he said. "She was pulling so hard we had to let her go four minutes ahead of schedule." Her sponsor, who happened to be Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Bent told me, was chatting with some Navy officers on the guests' platform when the release signal suddenly came through to them. Mr. Bent smiled. "Mrs. Roosevelt's all right," he said. "She grabbed the bottle and clipped that ship just as she was sliding away."

THE moment we emerged from Bent's office, I could understand why he kept his windows shut. The yards sounded like a piece of overwritten modern music. The screech of a buzz saw came from somewhere. A slow-moving locomotive, drawing a flatcar loaded with scrap iron, whistled at us as we crossed its tracks. Pneumatic chippers and drills chattered aboard the many hulls under construction. Bent and I walked underneath a huge crane trestle. It was at least a quarter of a mile long and its tracks were a hundred feet or so overhead. A dozen cranes were moving up and down the tracks, lowering steel plates, lifting discarded material from ships' decks, going wherever they were needed. Each crane seemed to have a horn with a distinctive note, and all the horns were being honked continuously to warn workers in their paths. "Battle of production has sounds, too," Bent said. "Just like other battles." On our left was a series of machine shops. We could see the lights of acetylene torches inside and, occasionally, the sparks generated by grinding machines. On our right were the ways, facing the James River. We finally reached the Houston's ways. She was resting in a complicated cradle of thousands of timbers comprising her shores, ways, and scaffoldings. She was painted a deep khaki. A good deal of her superstructure was still missing. Painters, drillers, joiners, welders, riveters, shipwrights, and carpenters were working all over her. The ship was about an eighth of a mile long. "Next Saturday," Bent said, "she gets transferred from one world to another—from land, where she has no business being, to the water, where she belongs." She looked absolutely immovable to me.

Bent and I walked slowly along below the cruiser's hull. We had gone about a quarter of the ship's length, on her port side, when Bent suddenly stopped, seized my arm, and stared in horror at the hull. "Now, who in hell do you suppose did that?" he asked, pointing to a spot about halfway up her side. A tiny white star had been neatly painted in the middle of the khaki expanse. "Fine time to be coy," Bent said, making a note on a piece of paper. "It'll have to be painted out." As we approached the stern, I saw thin spouts of water, about garden-hose size, coming out of the ship here and there. Some of the spray fell gently on our faces. "Had a little rain yesterday," Bent said. "Ran down into some of the ship's compartments. Being pumped out now." When we reached the stern, we looked up at its jutting bulk. "It's the part of the ship which will hit the water first next Saturday," Bent said. "Stern's first in a launching because it's thicker than the bow. Gives the ship's buoyancy a chance to act more quickly." We looked out over the James. There was a divers' barge about forty feet out from the shore. Her crew was apparently operating some pumping machinery. "Diver's down," Bent said, "checking to see if everything's all right with the ways. They run into the water over a hundred feet beyond the ship." As we rounded the stern, an armed policeman passed us. "He's on his way to the trigger pit," Bent said. "Always have to have some fellows with revolvers in the pit. Twenty-four-hour watch, too. Maniac could make a lot of trouble down there."

We were amidships on the starboard side when Bent said, "Let's have a look at the bottom, the very bottom, of the ship." We walked up a short ramp to reach the top of a scaffolding under the hull. I followed him along the scaffolding and, as the ship's side swept down and in toward the keel, we had to crouch lower and lower. By the time we finally halted, we were nearly doubled up. We were surrounded by a fantastic maze of timber, and above loomed the thick black steel of the Houston's bottom. Men were working inside the ship, and their pneumatic chippers and riveters set up a terrific din directly over our heads. Through the network of timber, I could see a crane lifting some of the ship's shoring away. Bent later told me that the crane was simply transferring the supports to another part of the ship's cradle, but at the time I had a disquieting notion that a plot was afoot to have the Houston drop on Bent and myself. "Seventy-five hundred tons over us!" Bent yelled at me above the noise of the chippers. "Eight hundred men working on the seventy-five hundred tons!" When Bent had led me back along the scaffolding until we could stand up once again and see the sky above us, I asked him if there hadn't been a chance of the Houston's finishing us off a moment before. "That's our shelter in case of an air raid," he answered cozily. "It's safe as a church."

By negotiating a series of ramps, narrow walks, ladders, and scaffoldings, Bent and I reached the cruiser's main deck. We walked toward the stern. We had to pick our way carefully. The deck was crowded with workers and littered with tools and machines. I nearly tripped over a clump of slender rubber pipes which, I noticed, ran belowdecks through a hatchway. "Suction blowers," Bent explained. "Clear out the foul air below. Make it a little less hot for the men working down there, too. Like a steel oven down there." We passed a welder busily engaged in joining a railing to the Houston's deck. In his protective mask he looked like a badly dressed knight. The greenish sparks from his welding rod beat harmlessly against the thick glass window of his mask. Near him I noticed a sign which said, "DANGER! 440 VOLTS. WELDING CURRENT." Further on we passed the circular track on which a gun turret would eventually be mounted. Near the stern he lifted a tarpaulin and we stared down into blackness. "Airplane elevator hatch is down there," he said. "Hangar's below that." We reached the stern and Bent pointed to the Houston's airplane crane; it would be used, he told me, for picking seaplanes out of the water and depositing them on the elevator. When we looked down from the stern, we could see the waters of the James idly lapping a hundred feet below us.

We started back toward the bow. On the way we passed a short, fat man who was sitting on the deck, staring disconsolately before him. He was wearing a brown plastic helmet on which was

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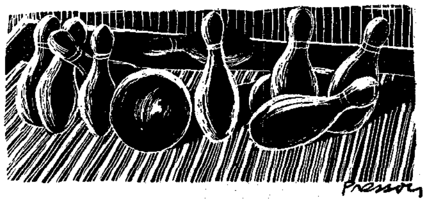
painted the legend "Water Man." Beside him were a small water tank and a box of paper cups. He was the only idle worker I'd seen. "Sits there all day long pouring drinks," Bent said. "That way everybody knows where he is when they want water. If he moved around, we'd have our skilled workers losing valuable time looking for him all over the ship."

WHEN Bent and I reached the foc's'le deck, near the bow, we sat down on a pair of bitts, around which cables are looped when a ship ties up at a dock. A pleasant breeze was blowing. It was a comparatively quiet spot. "Well, how do you like her?" Bent asked. I said, not too startlingly, that the Houston was far more complicated than I'd anticipated. "Sure, she's complicated," Bent said, "but she hasn't been as much trouble as she might have been. You can sort of smell when a ship's going to be a lot of trouble. Maybe someone makes a mistake at the drawing board. Find it out soon enough during construction. Things just don't fit. Knocks your schedule out of kilter. Plumbing and sheet-metal work and outfitting get held up. Or maybe the materials we need come in late. Maybe one of our key supervisors catches pneumonia. Maybe we run into a bad spell of rain. Welders can't work then. Has to be dry weather for their rods. Oh, there are ways you can tell if a ship's going to be an unhappy child.

"I could talk to you about how the Houston has six hundred and fifty thousand rivets in her and how we've poured two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of welding rod into her, but that would be a silly way to talk about hulls. They're not buildings. They move. You get a sense of their being alive. You see them designed and built and taking shape and all of a sudden they're looking pretty." Bent stopped to greet a workman who was passing by. "Sickens us when we hear of a ship being hurt," he went on. "I'd no more want to see the Normandie lying helpless on her side than my best friend dying. One of the blackest days we had here was when we heard that the President Hoover—she was one of our ships—had run ashore on Formosa and been stripped by the Japs."

Bent added that despite the Houston's general good behavior, she had, like any normal ship, had her troubles. "Take three days ago," he said. "It was a hundred and two in the shade. God knows what it was for the men working below-decks. We handed out salt tablets and told the men not to drink chilled water, but of course we had our prostrations and of course we lost many man-hours." Sometimes, Bent said, the heat below can cause even more serious trouble. "When we were making the first Yorktown," he said, "a fellow working below started feeling hot. Well, he took his oxygen hose and started blowing it on his clothes. There was grease and oil on them. Had to cut a hole in the hold to get at him after the explosion. You know, we have a lot of green men around these days, and you can't always help it." About a week before, Bent told me, one of the Houston's welders, apparently trying to give himself a little more room in which to work, had knocked out the shoring supporting a section of the deck above him and the deck had fallen. The worker had somehow escaped injury. Bent believed that the man, when he saw the sheet of steel coming down at him, must have thrown himself flat on his face and more than likely prayed. "We never found out who the fellow was," Bent said. "Probably afraid he'd get bawled out." An inexperienced man, working in a compartment aboard ship, might not entirely shut off the flow of gas from his acetylene torch when he went to lunch. Then, relighting his torch after lunch, he might set off the acetylene gas which had flooded the compartment. "You lose a man," Bent said, "and you lose a compartment."

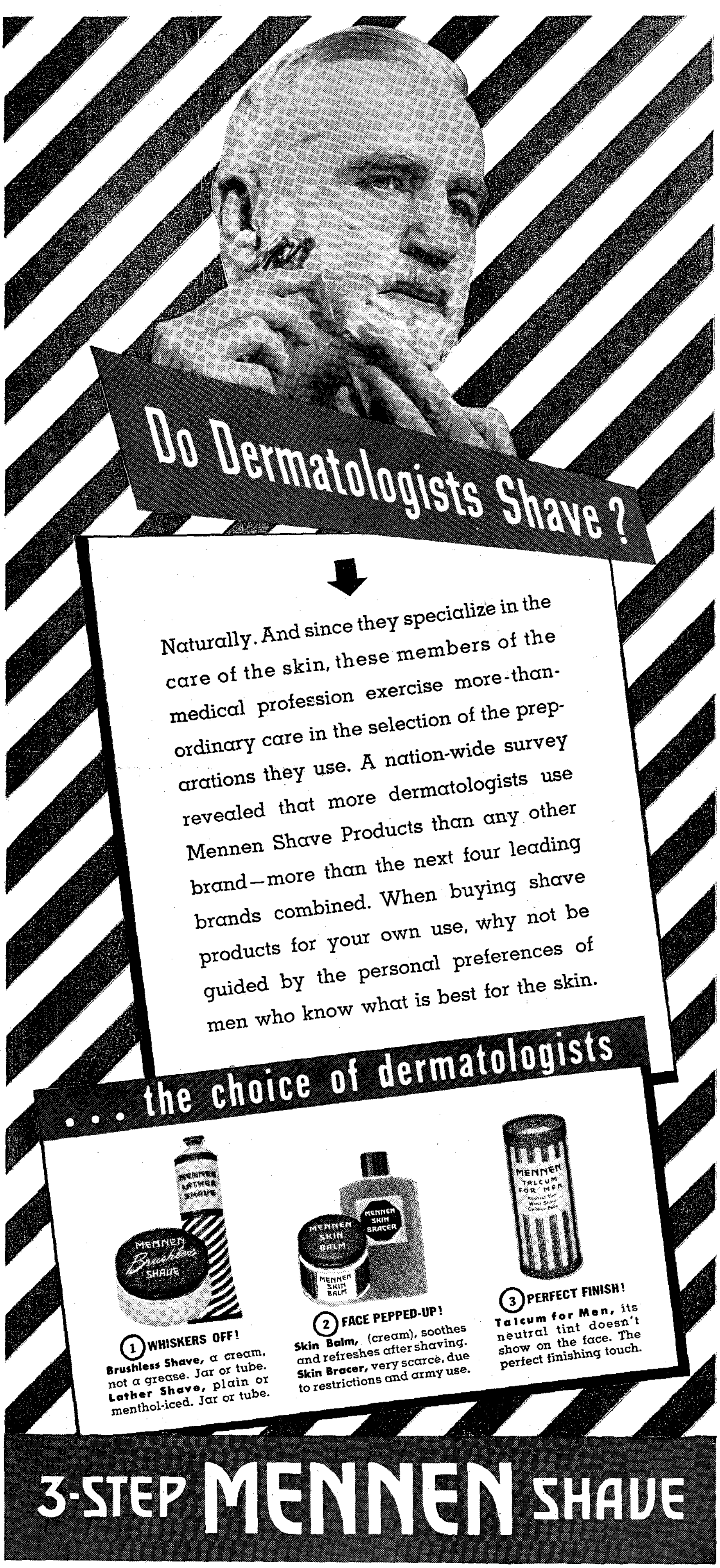
Bent told me that there had been times when he thought the manpower situation would prevent the Houston's ever being launched. "Lots of contracts," he said, "and too few skilled workers. Furthermore, the draft's been draining us something fierce." The company even built a school and dormitory for apprentices. The training program, Bent said, had helped somewhat. "I'd say you have to train about fifty thousand apprentices to get ten thousand who stick," he said. "Some of them get drafted and others decide they don't like the work and go back to the farm. Then there are plenty of them who like the work so much that when they've finished our training they skip and open themselves a welding shop across the river in Norfolk." Bent said that the personnel problem which bothered him the most had nothing at all, however, to do with the dearth of skilled workers. "We're turning out so much stuff these days that we're constantly afraid something's going to go wrong. Means we have to keep dusting at the men all the time, keep them on their toes, and we're not so sure we know how to do it right." He laughed. "Have to keep dusting at myself, too, when you get right down to it," he added.



In the construction of the Houston, there had been several major deviations from the original blueprints, Bent told me. "Happens with most Navy ships," he said, "and it always means grief." He was just starting to tell me more about this when a whistle blew. "Lunchtime," said Bent. The Houston's workers dropped their tools and carefully descended the ladders leading down from the main deck. As soon as it was quiet again on the foc's'le deck, Bent, picking up where he'd left off, said that the Navy was constantly working out improvements for its fighting ships, with the result that any number of changes might be ordered, no matter how far along a hull's construction might be. "We learn after every battle," he said. "If we're told to build a class of four cruisers, you can lay odds that the fourth isn't going to be like the first." The Houston was so new a ship that Bent thought he'd better not tell me about her changes. He did tell me, however, what had happened to another cruiser at the Newport News yards right after the Coral Sea battle. "The day the Coral Sea show was over," Bent said, "the Navy got hold of us and said they wanted more anti-aircraft protection installed on the bow of the ship. That meant an important alteration, and our contract called for completion in two weeks. Had to add electric wiring, get ammunition up on the bow, build a storage room for the ammunition, figure out where to quarter the extra anti-aircraft gunners, and then make them the berthing space." Bent mopped his brow at the memory of that rush job. "Same sort of thing's been happening right along with this ship, too," he said. "Still, the only way to find out if a ship works is to get her into a scrap and see if she wins. Houston will really be a mystery to us until she fights."

BENT said that he was beginning to feel like a prima donna, holding forth about his troubles. "How about talking to some of the boys?" he said. "They're building the Houston, not me." We took the same tortuous route down the ship's side as we had taken coming up. Back on the ground, we found several dozen workers eating their lunches. Most of the men, Bent told me, had gone off to eat at restaurants outside the yard. Bent introduced me to a welder named Robert Smith. He was just finishing off a ham sandwich. Smith, a well-built man who looked about thirty, wore a chrome leather jacket impregnated with a composition which is supposed to resist fire even better than asbestos. His welder's mask lay nearby. He told me that before he had got into shipbuilding, four years ago, he had been an automobile mechanic at a gas station in Clermont, Iowa. "Fellow with a Virginia license and a burned-out fuel pump drove in one day," Smith said, "and I asked him if there was much shipbuilding going on in the East. The fellow said sure." Smith and his wife went East soon afterward. He said he'd probably buy the motorist a drink if he ever ran into him, because he had found welding very satisfying. "Don't exactly know why," he said, "but I get a kick out of merging things together and making them endless. Especially making steel plates on a deck one solid piece. When it's all finished, I run my eye along the deck and there it is—smooth and endless."

One thing about welding that Smith didn't like was that he often had to work under trying physical conditions. "Most of the time I have to balance myself with one foot hanging in space and one on the hull," he said. "Steam pipes and ventilation pipes and electric cables are always blocking me whenever I'm trying to get at a spot. I suppose everybody around here is in midair at one time or another. Sometimes I'm high up on a hull and I run into someone else and wonder to myself, 'Now, what in hell's *he* doing here?' " Smith said that he frequently had to maneuver his welding rod in such close quarters that he had no more than an eighth-of-an-inch clearance for his body and couldn't really see what he was doing. When that happened, he told me, a small pocket mirror which he'd found in his wife's purse came in handy. By holding the mirror at the proper angle, he could find out how his welding was coming along. "Like a dentist looking at a tooth," he said. The sparks given off by a welding rod also have to be reckoned with. It isn't their brilliance which bothers him; all he sees when he looks through the smoked-glass window in his mask is a steady, soft yellow flame. "But I've got spots all over my body where those sparks



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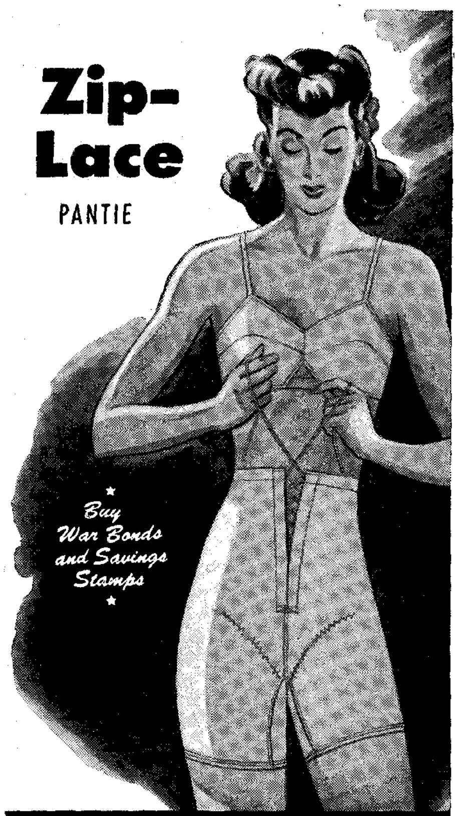

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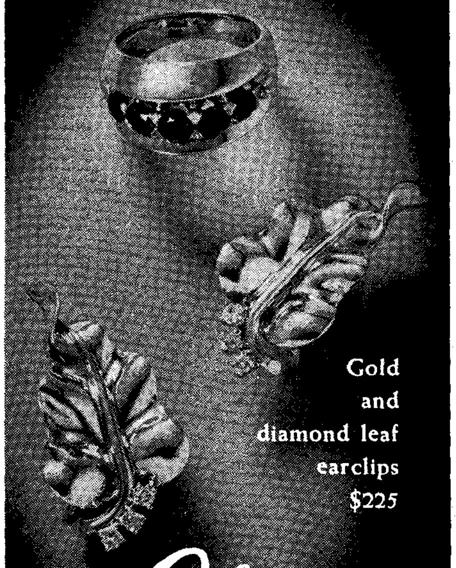
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have burned," he said. "They crawl into you like bugs. I went away on a little vacation a couple of weeks ago and I kept thinking about them all the time. When I got back to the job, it took me two or three days to stop being afraid of them." Smith poured himself some coffee from a thermos bottle. "I told you I didn't know just why I liked welding," he said, smiling.

A few yards away, Bent and I came upon Zebe Manley, a colored man of medium height who was standing alone reading a newspaper and smoking a cigarette. Manley was the foreman of a crew of men who were constructing shores and scaffoldings both inside and outside the Houston. Setting up what are called suspended scaffoldings inside the great, cavernous hull was no picnic, Manley said. His job then consisted of shinnying down steel poles suspended from the top of a scaffolding and, with the aid of steel pins, fastening planks to them at the bottom. Once the planks were fastened, the scaffolding had its floor. "Nothing but you and that piece of wood and an empty space when that's going on," he said, adding that he and his fellows often suffered from vertigo. "We call it 'flying fits,'" he said. When one man gets a fit, another man, let down as a rescuer, ties a rope around the dizzy worker, and then the other members of the crew hoist the victim to safety. Outside work, in which the poles are often a hundred feet high, is even more acrobatic. "As leading man, I try to keep up a conversation with my boys up there on top of the poles to keep them from looking down," Manley said. "Gets them dizzy if they do." He said that someone on the ground always watched to see if things were going smoothly. "When I see a man having a flying fit," Manley said, "I put my hand over my heart. That's a signal, and right away the fellow on the ground notifies a crane operator and he comes swinging over with an emergency basket. It's like the wire basket on a bike's handlebars, only bigger. I put my dizzy man in there. Then I sit on top of him, with my legs hanging over the basket, and the crane swings us down." I said that his job sounded tough. "Not so bad," he said. "I've been doing it nineteen years now."

Next I was introduced to Bill Saunders, a cheerful young fellow who said he had been working in the yard for two years. He was a shipwright. His job, he said, consisted largely of seeing that the Houston's blueprints were followed exactly in construction. "If the other shipwrights and I have been doing a good job," he said, "the Houston will come out a ship that's fair and with her lines looking the way they ought to and with no bumps sticking out here and there." In the course of his work, he had to worry about such things as seeing that the bulkheads were the right size, the beams the proper length, and the reinforcements between decks the prescribed size. He said that the blueprints' dimensions couldn't always be achieved. "Take the light metal that's poured on by welders," he said. "This has a tendency to shrink the edges of the steel plates. Might be forty welds on the plates of a six-hundred-foot deck, and each one of them might have shrunk the plates a sixteenth of an inch. Makes the deck short, and when steel's short it's short." Some of the fellows aboard the Houston, Saunders told me, kiddingly called him a tailor. The reason, he explained, was that he went around with a soapstone and marked exactly where a chipper was to cut off a piece of steel, a welder to weld, or an electrician to install wiring. "Actually, I'm an on-the-spot architect," Saunders said proudly, "and everybody has to come to me—fitters and welders and joiners and electricians and all the other boys."

As we left Saunders, a middle-aged colored man who had been standing off to one side approached Bent and inquired after his garden. It developed that the man, whose name was Ernest Newby, had been Bent's gardener for nine years. "Didn't know where to have Ernest," Bent said. "Home or in the yard." Bent's flowers and vegetables lost out, and Newby is now working as an erector, whose job calls for "hanging" steel plates. Hanging steel plates, Newby explained to me, meant setting them up so that the fitters, who have to join them with other plates, could work on them. Much of his time, he said, is spent in signalling crane operators to lower armor plates and bulkheads, some of which weigh over twenty tons. With the aid of a crane, he and other erectors then maneuver the plates into position for the fitters. "We're the ones who forget to duck," Newby said, "and we're the ones who get hurt. We're used to it. Other fellows, like riveters, aren't used to it. They shake their fists at us when they see us asking the crane operators to drop plates right near them." Newby demonstrated for me the signals he used to communicate with the crane operators, sitting in their cabs a hundred feet or so above the erectors. He held one arm straight out from his shoulder and held his palm up. "That means heave up," he said. He made a fist. "Means hold it." He held his palm down. "Lower it." Newby said that his favorite crane operator was a fellow named Wash. "When I go like this," he said, delicately sliding his index finger down along his thumb, "Wash knows I'm talking about inches, and he can raise or lower that plate as little as a half inch if I want." Despite the hazards, Newby said, he preferred this job to gardening. "There's an art to it," he said. "It's two fellows working together. Me and the operator. He's doing something I'm not doing and I'm doing something he's not doing, and if we can get together that's fine, that's an art."

A MINUTE or two later, the shop whistle blew and the men returned to their jobs. Bent escorted me toward the exit gate. Halfway there, I turned for a final look at the Houston. The welders and fitters and joiners and riveters were crawling all over her again. "Four more days," Bent said, "and then come the bunting, big shots, and photographers." The sun was bright, and the small, gratuitous white star stood out boldly. "Problems, problems, problems," Bent said, smiling. "Like that damned star!"

—DANIEL LANG

•

LOCALS

John Cooper, of the Eugene neighborhood a life long citizen of this county, a good farmer was looking after business interest in town one day this week.

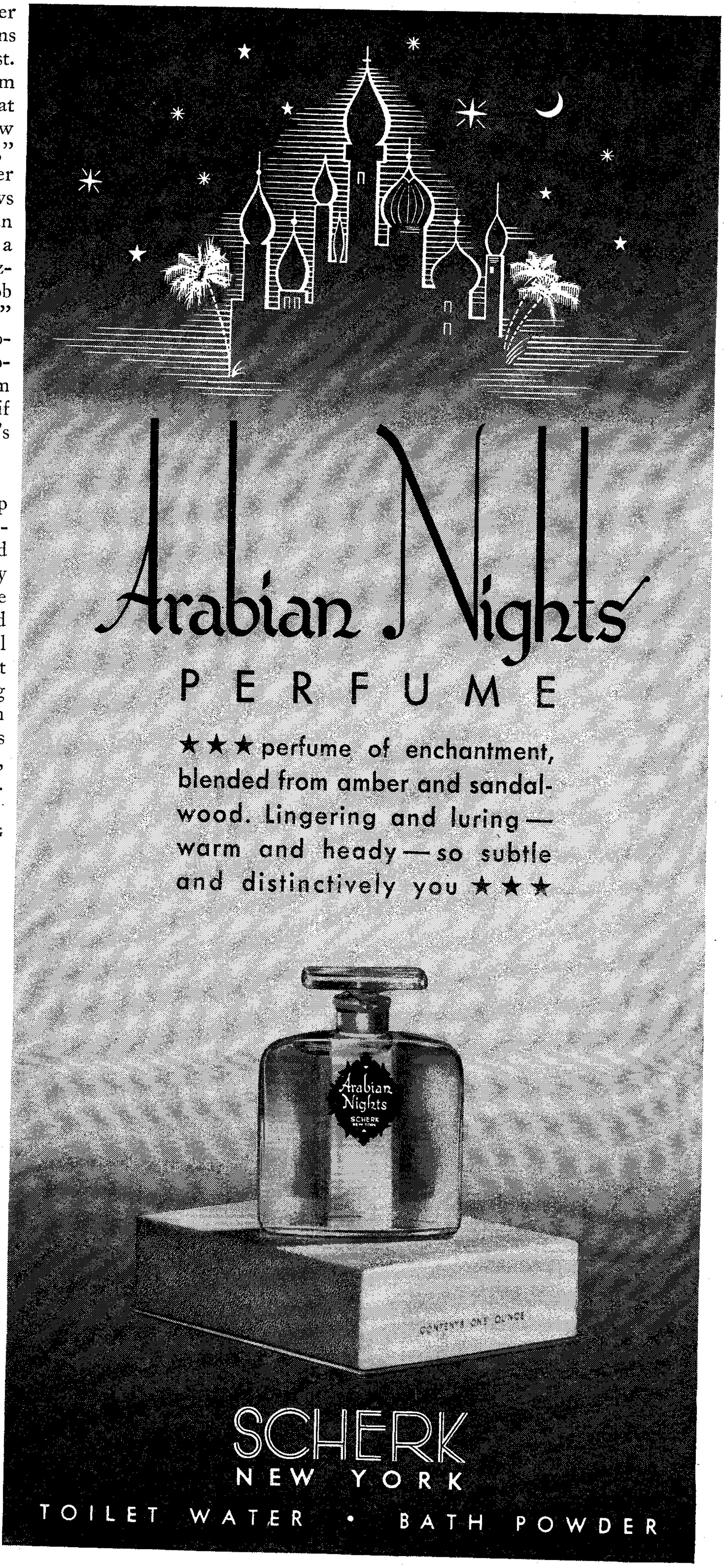
Wes Corbin, of Demory Hill, the best sturgeon fisherman on the Suwannee River, was in town during the week transacting business.

W. E. Stewart, of Stewart City, one of the County's largest Wholesale Fish Dealer, and one of the County's most substantial Citizens, was looking after his business interest in Cross City, the last of the week.

W. W. Cotter, the town's most live wire when it comes to real estate give us a call the first of the week.

Staten Dempsey, of the First District, and a good farmer of his community, was transacting business here the early part of the week.

James Cannon, who lives south of Cross City, one of the county's pioneer citizens, an outstanding progressive man, who has done more to establish the fine school system in this county than probably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any other man, was in town this week meeting friends.

T. P. Chaires, of Old Town, one of the County's most progressive farmers, also a large stock raiser, and one of the County's most honored citizens, was transacting business in Cross City a day or so this week.

Otis Barber, of the first district one of the best carpenters as well as a good farmer and an all around good fellow was in town resently.

Mr. Sam Simpson, of Old Town, one of the best men in the County was in Cross City, one day the early part of the week.

J. B. Smith, one of the leading citizens of Horseshoe, was in town the early part of the week.

Hiram Bell, of the northern part of the county, and one of the county's best posted men as well as one of it's best farmers was in town on business matters one day this week.

Claude Crapps, of Hines, the owner and business manager of a large timber and naval stores business located at Hines, in this county, was a business visitor to Cross City, during the early part of the week.

Mr. A. J. Sauls, of the Eugene district, a good farmer and stock man, a one of the county's leading citizens, was visitor to Cross City this week.

Mr. George H. Chewning, of the Eugene Community who holds a responsible position with the Government, also a good farmer, was in town the early part of the week.

Mr. W. R. Meeks, of Shamrock, one of the best loggers there are in Dixie County was in Cross City, during the week looking after business interest.

Mr. T. J. Bonds, of Cross City, called in to see us to-day.—*Cross City (Fla.) Dixie County Advocate.*

For probably the last time.

●

AS TO ALL THAT

I should like to say again
What I haven't said before:
First the egg and then the hen
And then the egg and what's the score?
Little more,
Little more.

There's a star beyond the void,
There's the void beyond a star,
And a child is much annoyed
If you pursue the thing that far.
Au revoir,
Au revoir!

—David McCord

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MI AMIGA

WHAT had started Ethel Evans off on Spanish was the announcement at a meeting of the Book Club that in answer to the queries of several members who were presumably interested in learning the language, a Señora María Hernández was recommended as a reliable teacher. After the meeting four members, Ethel among them, decided to form a class. The class did not materialize, but by the time the other ladies had changed their minds, Ethel, as spokeswoman, had met Señora Hernández and was already enchanted with the idea of speaking Spanish.

“Too bad, because it is so easy. *Fácil*,” the Señora had answered when Ethel informed her that there was not going to be a group after all. The Señora had black hair which appeared to have been lacquered down each side of her head. She wore heavy gold hoops swinging from her ears. She looked about thirty years old; she had lost her husband, she told Ethel, when she was twenty-five.

“We were living in Paraguay at the time,” she said, not going further than that into the death of Señor Hernández. A revolution, Ethel concluded, or one of those earthquakes they have down around there.

From the first, Ethel felt as though she were conquering new and exciting territory. She took two lessons a week and on other days she studied her textbook with wholehearted diligence. After a month she was so confident of the progress she had been making that, seeng a novel in Spanish in a Sixth Avenue bookshop, she bought it hopefully. he was disappointed at being able only o pick out a word here and there, but he left the book lying on the living-oom table. She found her husband glancing through it one evening and said that she wished he would take lesons too; it was a fine thing for a businessman to speak Spanish.

He was clearly alarmed and said he didn't think he'd get to first base.

“Oh, you would too, William,” she told him affably. “It's easy.” She was pleased to find that she remembered the right word: “*Fácil*.”

SEÑORA HERNANDEZ lived on West Twelfth Street, in a one-room apartment which was literally a blaze of color. The draperies at the two tall windows were a brilliant vermilion, the walls yellow, the cover of the studio couch a printed material, in which green

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predominated. With bold disregard for complementaries, the Señora had added, here and there, touches of a teeth-tightening magenta pink. The effect was enough to take one's breath, but it was also, Ethel thought, stimulating. She admired the Señora's pictures and she was quite overwhelmed when, arriving for her lesson one day, the Señora gave her, as a gift, a picture much like the ones that hung upon the walls.

"In reproduction, naturally," the Señora said, "the colors cannot fully do it justice." The picture was called "Fiesta" and it was mounted upon heavy white cardboard, ready for framing. In one corner the Señora had written "*A mi amiga, Señora Evans*" and had signed it "María Guadalupe Hernández."

"It means 'To my friend,'" Ethel explained to William when she showed him the picture that evening. William looked impassively at the inscription and the group of squat, foreshortened dancers, but found nothing to say about either.

"I want to find just the right frame for it," his wife told him. She leaned it up against the wall on top of the bookcase, but when she saw that she had put it beneath the reproduction of Van Gogh's "L'Arlésienne" she frowned slightly and moved it farther to the left. The Van Gogh was a relic of an art-appreciation course taken several seasons before from an instructor in love with French Impressionism. Ethel hadn't any use for the Van Gogh these days.

ASIDE from their mutual preoccupation with a primer entitled "A México por Autómovil," Ethel and the Señora hit upon various other interests easily translatable into Spanish. They talked a good deal about food during the lessons and it was interesting to Ethel to hear of dishes which were not only exotic but pleasingly low in point values.

"Some night, if you like," said the Señora, "I will cook you a real Spanish dinner."

"*Would* you?" Ethel answered. Her mind flashed to the set of vividly patterned pottery that she owned but seldom used; it had never seemed particularly suited to the prosaic American food the Evanses were accustomed to having. Now she could see arranged upon these plates an assortment of bizarre dishes.

"Invite your friends," the Señora urged her generously. "It is not more trouble."

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"Oh, fine," said Ethel. "I'll ask the Tompkinses. I know they'll love Spanish food." She accepted one of the Señora's cigarettes, and as she lit it and drew the strong, sweet smoke into her lungs she felt that she had really become a part of her vivid surroundings.

On a nearby table there was a photograph of the Señora as a girl. She was wearing the dark middy blouse and skirt and black sateen apron of a convent pupil and she was posed standing rigidly in front of a vine-draped archway. "San Antonio, 1927" was written in one corner of the photograph. "San Antonio?" said Ethel curiously.

"Texas," replied the Señora. "I went to school there for a year."

Before Ethel left the Señora's apartment that day the two of them made plans for the Spanish dinner. They settled upon the following Thursday, when the Evanses' cook would be off, and Ethel went home happily, taking with her a list of the foodstuffs the Señora had said would be needed. "I'll come about six," the Señora had promised. "It will be unnecessary for you to lift a finger."

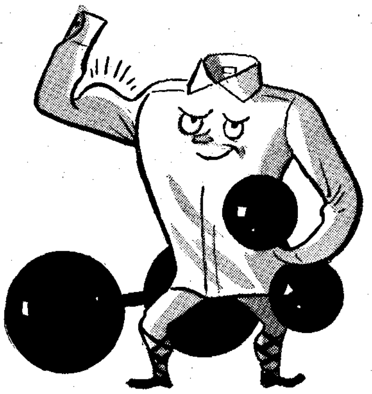
THE night of the party, Ethel had everything laid out in the kitchen in readiness. She had bought all the Señora had told her to buy and of her own accord she had added two quarts of a red wine whose raffia-wrapped bottles had attracted her attention. She had decided to serve an apéritif of chilled vermouth instead of cocktails and she was annoyed when William, coming home early from the office, went into the butler's pantry and made himself an Old-Fashioned.

"I'll make setups for the crowd," he

TO OUR READERS

When you are through with your copy of *The New Yorker* each week, you can do a good turn by passing it along to the members of the armed forces who are still in this country. There are two simple and equally effective ways of doing this. The first is to mail your *New Yorker* to the Special Service Officer of any camp you choose, in which case the magazine will wind up in the camp's service club. The second is to mail it to some U.S.O. club. There are about a thousand U.S.O. clubs in cities and towns near military and naval camps and stations, and you can readily get the address of one near you by telephoning your local U.S.O. headquarters. In New York City the number is Pennsylvania 6-5400. An easy way to mail a copy of *The New Yorker* to any place in this country is to take a business-size envelope, slit it open at the ends, roll the magazine up in it, address it, and put on a five-cent stamp.

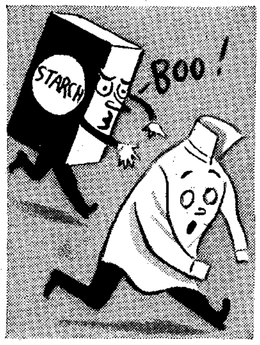
How to add months to the life of your shirts!



8 WISE TIPS ON WARTIME CONSERVATION

1. Before laundering shirts, turn the collars *up*. This way, the top edge (which often frazzles first) takes less of a beating.

2. Shirts have a mortal terror of rough brushes. However, they like 3 hot-water rinses, and an iron that's *not too hot*.

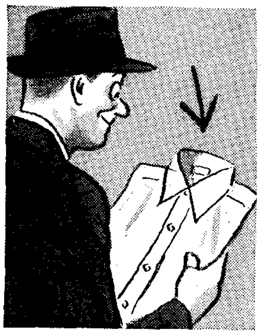


3. Shirts can't digest much starch or bleaching. Be sure to bleach *only* all-white shirts; use *no* starch on non-wilt collars.

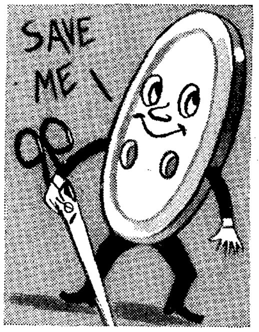
4. If you're plenty handy with the needle, you can turn frayed collars. Turned soft collars look O.K.; non-wilts not as good.

5. If your sleeves are too long, it's death on cuffs—they fray *much* too soon. Hint: take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

6. When cuffs *do* fray, clip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and stitch it back up. (Reverse double "French" cuffs.) It's a cinch to do.



7. A shirt that shrinks is n.g. So when buying, look for that "Sanforized" label—it means under 1% shrinkage. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")



8. When a shirt's worn out, clip off the buttons and save 'em for spares. And the fabric is fine for making aprons, dust cloths, etc.

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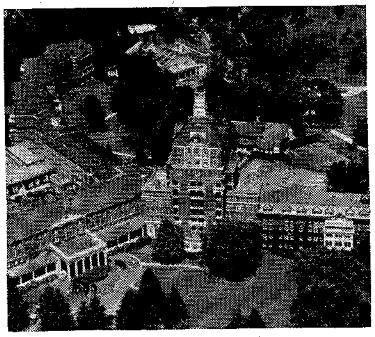

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said. He stared at Ethel when she told him that hard liquor spoiled the flavor of a well-cooked meal. Where had she got that idea, he wanted to know. It never had; not for him, anyway. It gave *him* an appetite.

The Señora arrived promptly at six o'clock. She was wearing a black satin dress and she had substituted for the large gold hoop earrings she usually wore a pair of even larger ones—silver studded with turquoise matrix. The knot of black hair at the nape of her neck had acquired additional coils to add to its size and the artificial rose that ornamented the décolletage of her dress was a full-blown one, bright red. It matched her lip rouge. Somehow, she looked bigger and showier than Ethel remembered her being.

"I will get to work at once," she said. "Where is the kitchen? *Dónde está la cocina?*" She and Ethel exchanged smiles of understanding.

Ethel led the way to the kitchen and stood by while the Señora riffled through the parcels which were awaiting her on the table. She rejected Ethel's offer of assistance, saying that she could manage better alone, and Ethel retreated diffidently into the living room, where William was seated on the couch, sipping his Old-Fashioned. She sat silently for a moment and then said that perhaps cocktails would be a good idea after all. William went out to the butler's pantry to make the drinks.

Soon after, the Tompkinses arrived. Ethel brought the Señora into the living room to be introduced and she greeted them with a fine Castilian air and accent.

"Ees Spanish, no?" William teased.

The Señora took it good-naturedly. She turned to smile at William, her earrings bobbing, her hands busy with gestures.

"For you," she told him, "I will cook the very smallest chili pepper. Small, like this."

Dinner was quite late, despite the efforts of both William and Harry Tompkins to accelerate its progress. Bernice Tompkins and Ethel sat in the living room and waited. On the one trip that Ethel made to the kitchen, she found William and the Señora hilarious over the salad dressing, Harry grating cheese with more force and intentness than was needed for the task, and the kitchen hot, littered, and heavy with garlic. On the stove was a pan of what appeared to be the same kind of tomato-and-rice concoction that Ethel frequently prepared for meatless Tuesdays. Before Ethel went back into the living room

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she stopped at the butler's pantry and made herself another Old-Fashioned.

"Usually," said Bernice Tompkins when her hostess joined her, "you can't *drag* Harry out into the kitchen." She, too, consented to another cocktail. By the time dinner was served the number of drinks they had had prevented a fair opinion of the meal. All that anyone could say about it was that it was hot.

The Señora was extremely gay. She was not only gay in one language, she was gay in two.

"*A la risa, el vino de la vida!*" she said, lifting her glass of claret and gesturing to the others to do the same with theirs. She looked inquiringly at her hostess. Ethel had memorized a number of conversational Spanish phrases, but her mind was innocent of them now. "*Sí*," she murmured uneasily.

"It means," said the Señora, " 'To laughter, the wine of life!' " She repeated the sentence in Spanish, then turned to William and told him to say it after her. He obeyed, and it was with unreasoning annoyance that Ethel heard his words come out glibly. "*Muy bien!*" shouted the Señora. "You learn easily, Señor, you are most quick!"

AFTER dinner it seemed logical that the Señora, having prepared the meal, should be exempt from washing the dishes. The Señora concurred with this idea. She made a merry sort of relay race out of clearing the table and was content, when this was finished, to leave Ethel and Bernice alone in the kitchen. They could hear her laughter as they stood viewing the apparently limitless collection of unwashed pots and pans, china and glassware. Bernice took two aprons off the hook on the back of he kitchen door. She handed one of hem to her hostess.

"You know," she said, "I don't hink she's really Spanish."

Ethel looked thoughtful.

"I mean," continued Bernice, "that think it's a kind of an *act* she puts n. Just because she speaks Spanish. A ind of an act."

Ethel turned this over in her mind. he took a soiled frying pan from the tove and carried it to the sink. With a tablespoon she began to scrape off the bits of chili pepper which clung to the ides of the pan. From the living room ame the sound of a rumba being layed on the phonograph. "*Negra, egra consentida*," sang the Señora in ccompaniment. Ethel said, "I wouldn't e surprised if it *was* an act." She add-d, "She went to school in Texas."

"Went to *school*?" echoed Ber-

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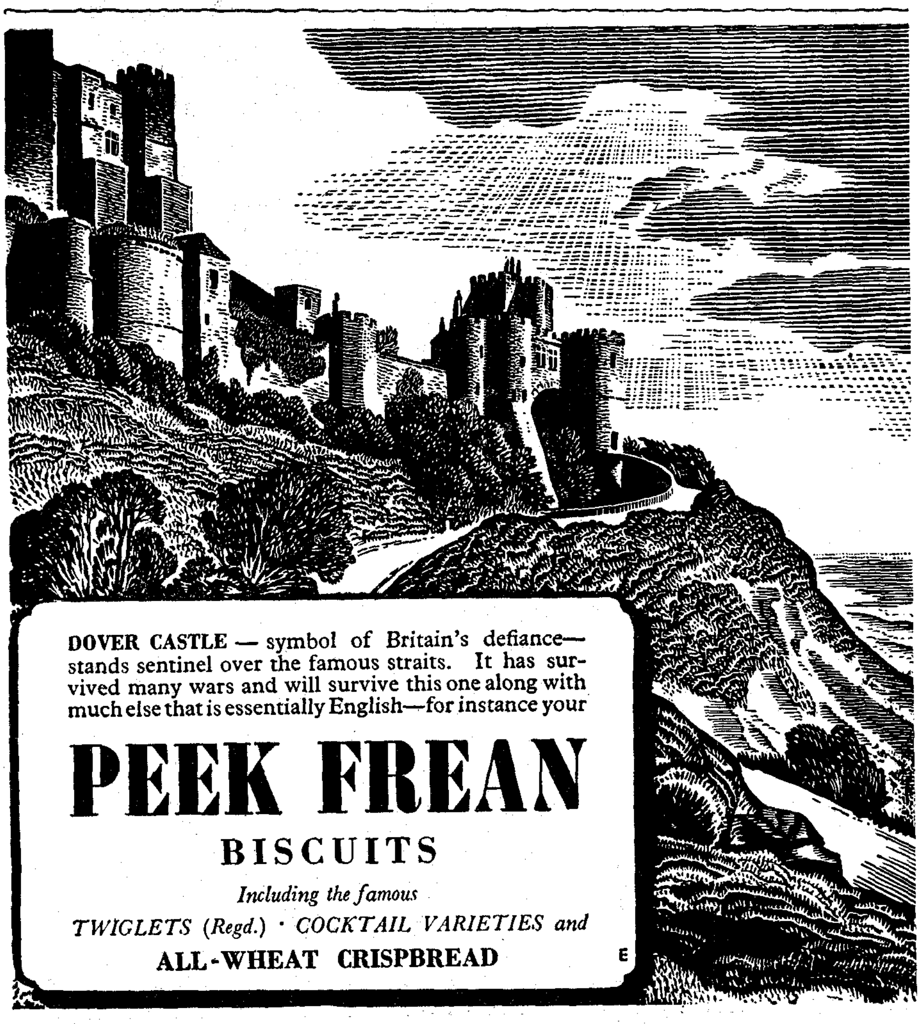

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E

nice. Their glances met and they giggled.

"She dyes her hair," Bernice said. "And you can tell that that knot she wears is false."

Ethel nodded. "I think you're absolutely right," she told Bernice.

When the kitchen was finally put in order, they went back into the living room. The Señora was dancing a rumba with William. Harry was standing watching them, tapping his feet in time with the music and awaiting his turn, it seemed, eagerly. Ethel could not remember when William had not drawn her away from the dance floor at the start of any music more exotic than a simple fox trot.

"*A la izquierda!*" sang out the Señora. "*A la derecha!*"

William repeated the phrases after her.

"*A la izquierda! A la derecha!*" The Señora's satin-clad hips swung as though they had been mounted on pivots. "*Ay, ay, ay, ay!*" she sang.

"Harry," Bernice Tompkins told her husband with a tight little smile, "it's after eleven, it's late. We really must be running along."

The music wound its way to a heady finish. William and the Señora drew apart, both stamping their feet several times on the carpet as a finale. Ethel turned off the phonograph. William did a few additional steps to the sound of his own humming.

"How's that?" he asked his wife. Ethel did not answer.

WILLIAM was still in high spirits after their guests had left. He wasn't sleepy, he said; he thought maybe he'd like a nightcap and maybe he'd like to play a few of those records again. There were ones there that he hadn't even known they had. "At this hour!" cried Ethel.

"What's the matter with you, Ethel?" he asked.

"Nothing. Nothing is the matter with me." She picked up an ashtray and carried it to the fireplace to empty it. "I guess I can't help but be a little disappointed, is all. I guess I don't like to be taken in. When I find that a person has misrepresented herself to me I can't help being disappointed in that person." She spoke with dignity.

"You mean María? I thought you were crazy about her."

Ethel shrugged. She emptied the ashtray into the fireplace and turned back to her husband.

"Bernice and I," she said, "have every reason to believe that María isn't any more a Latin than we are. She dyes her hair and the knot she wears on the back of it isn't real, and neither is her accent. We have every reason to believe"—Ethel lowered her voice significantly—"that she's from *Texas.*"

"Well, what's wrong with that? You want to learn Spanish, don't you? What do you care if she comes from Brooklyn?" Then he added, slowly but with authority, "*En la tierra de los ciegos, el tuerto es rey.*"

"What did you say?" his wife asked.

"That means, 'In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.' "

"Oh." She watched him. He grinned and said that maybe he was a little tired, he'd just run along to bed after all. She put the ashtray back on the table and for a moment stood staring at the doorway through which he had disappeared. "*Ay, ay, ay, ay!*" she heard him singing. "*Ay, ay, ay, rancho grande!*"

"Well, *really,*" she said to herself. Her eyes wandered from the doorway and around the room. Looking at the Van Gogh, she decided it *did* make quite a nice patch of color on the wall, and she removed the picture the Señora had given her. She was glad that she hadn't gone to the trouble and expense of having it framed. —Decla Dunning

•

Throughout his life, and up to a period of three years ago, Mr. Murray had never been sick. For 65 years no doctor had ever attended him, and thus he had never been sick.—*Plymouth (Mass.) Old Colony Memorial.*

It's as simple as that.

•

The newly formed Eastern Point Company has answered 10 calls, with an average attendance of 6 men. For a company having no way of knowing when there is a fire, I consider the showing is good. —*Annual report of the Groton, Conn., Fire Department.*

And people say women are more intuitive than men!

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Adv. in The New Yorker*]

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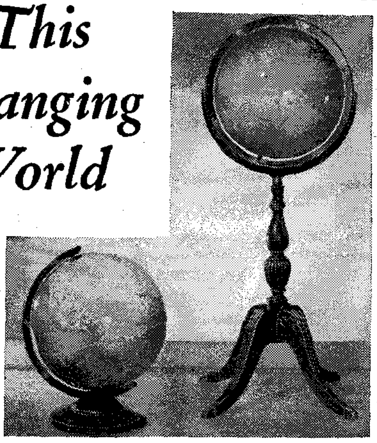

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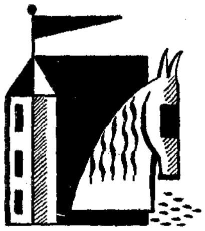
THE RACE TRACK

Full House



THERE wasn't much chance for leisurely musing at Aqueduct last week. Some fifty thousand horseplayers in search of a winner swarmed all over the place on Labor Day, and the rest of the week so many kept coming back that a seat in the stand was as hard to find as a polite Long Island Railroad gateman.

I've always claimed that it's wise to keep an eye on the horses trained by James Fitzsimmons, whether they're racing on their home grounds, which are at Aqueduct, or anywhere else. Nevertheless, some people were mildly flabbergasted when Apache, his best runner, won the Edgemere Handicap last weekend. You see, Apache had finished third in the Bay Shore Handicap, that gay scramble which was a result of the collapse of the stall gate on the opening day of the meet, and he was second to With Regards in the Aqueduct Handicap early last week; furthermore, both of those races were shorter than the Edgemere, and Apache isn't supposed to be a distance runner. While I don't want to rub any gilt off Apache's performance, which was really exceptional for a sprinter, I must say that I think he was lucky to win. He scooted off in front at a great rate and kept up the pace for a mile; then he tired, and managed to keep going just long enough to beat Shut Out. Market Wise, who hadn't been to the races in a couple of months, was third, and you might remember him next time he runs.

Because the Edgemere was worth $11,900 to the winner, horseplayers revived the notion that Fitzsimmons has a special genius for picking off the richer purses with the horses he trains for Belair Stud and the Wheatley Stable. As a matter of fact, he isn't having a particularly successful year. Usually in a season he wins about forty races and around $200,000, but the Belair Stud has no good three-year-olds these days and only Thread o' Gold and Vienna for the two-year-old sweepstakes, while the less said about the Wheatley Stable collection the better. Still, things wouldn' be so bad for Fitz if Vagrancy were to win the Beldame Handicap at Aqueduct this weekend. This isn't exactly a tip, but the race has one of those rich purses, no less than $25,000. The Beldame, by the way, is always an interesting race, because Jack Campbell, the racing secretary, who thought it up, is good at coaxing out a collection of the better fillies and mares, especially for a purse of that size.

LAST week the steeplechasing, which usually has curiosities aplenty, produced a real curiosity in the Bushwick Hurdle Handicap. Of the eight starters, five ran as an entry. The reason is fairly complicated, but I'll try to explain it. Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark had entered three horses. Two of them, Raylywn and The Beak, are trained by Dolly Byers, the old-time rider, and the third, Boojum 2nd, is trained by Jim Ryan. Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir's Picture Prince and the Rokeby Stable's Flying Friar, both of whom ran in the race, are also trained by Ryan. Because of these tangled owner-and-trainer relationships, the five horses were coupled in the betting. Almost everyone thought that this five-horse coalition would make a clean sweep. However, though Raylywn won easily enough, Mrs. Harriet Black's Silver Birch beat The Beak for second place. Of course there was no show betting, since technically there were only four entries in the race. And that's enough higher mathematics for today.

IF I may now come down to the commonplaces of everyday racing, have you noticed how few days we've had a muddy track this season? Diogenes Checkpoints says that there haven't been a dozen. Early in the spring, a man I know invested in an expensive system for beating the races. (You'd be astonished to know how many people really do buy betting systems.) Well, after the thing was bought and paid for, he discovered that it was supposed to be infallible only for races on muddy tracks, and he's been praying, not very successfully, for rain all summer.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> BALTIMORE, Aug. 8. (AP)—Whenever Private Albert J. Scheufele comes home—next week, next month or next year—it will be Christmas. for him. Mrs. Scheufele will cook red and yellow ornaments and dripping tinsel will be waiting.
> —*Los Angeles Times.*

Stay where you are, Al, you're sitting pretty.

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BY ORDER OF POLICE DEPT.
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BOOKS

Paul

THE Swedes, reading the handwriting on the wall, appear to be making a few tentative gestures of defiance of the Germans. Here's a suggestion for them: Let the Nobel Committee convene as soon as may be and award this year's prize for literature to Sholem Asch. It is true that there are other living writers of greater achievement, though his achievement is weighty, but no one can deny that the symbolism of such an award could fail to infuriate the Germans and impress the civilized world—two laudable objectives. For Asch is not only a distinguished Jew, he is a Jew who, through his epic novel "The Nazarene" and now through "The Apostle," has illuminated the essential continuity of the Judeo-Christian tradition which the Germans have expressly sworn to destroy. If there ever was a symbol of everything they hate, it is Sholem Asch, and that is one of several good reasons for conferring upon him the Nobel Prize.

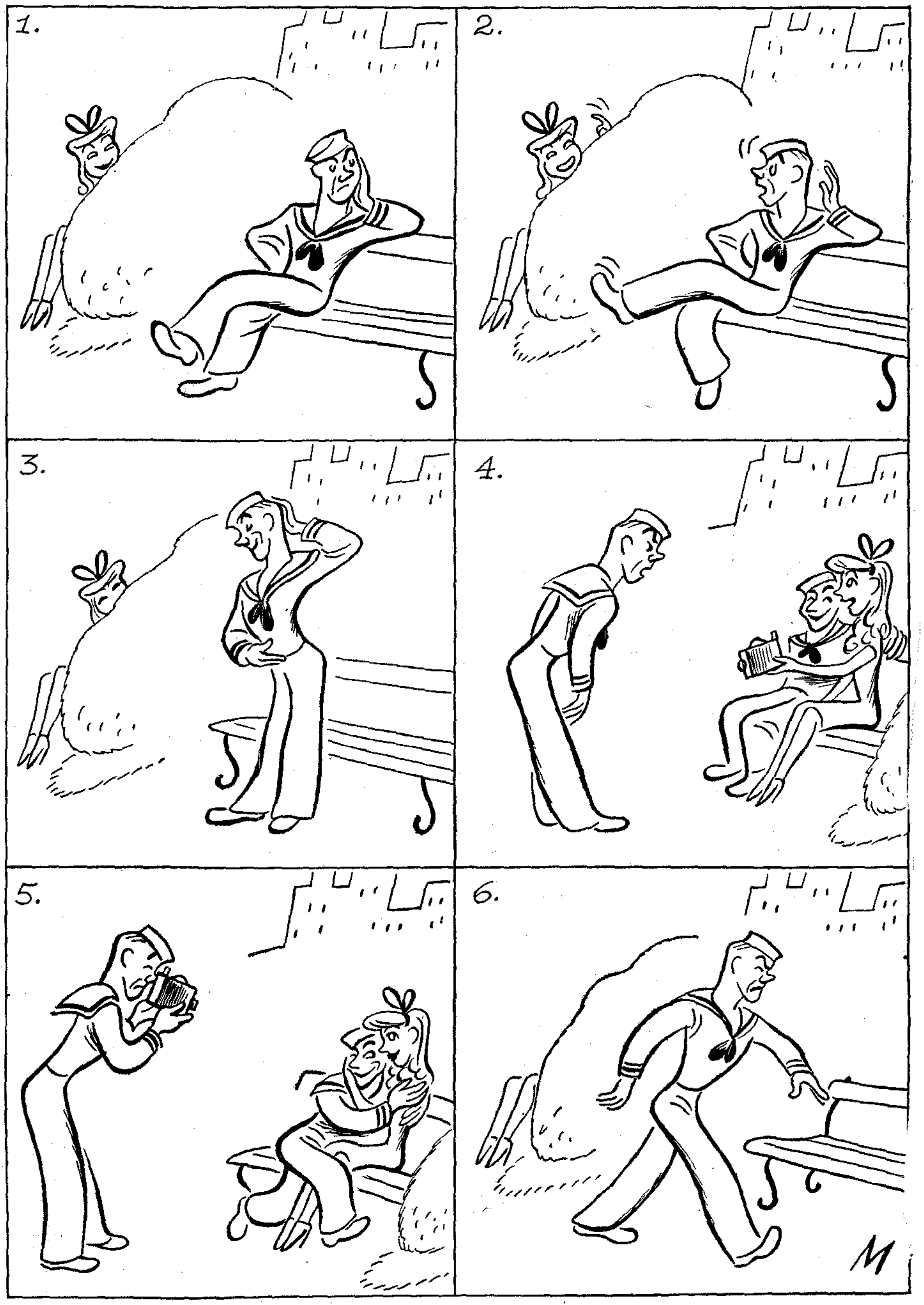
"The Apostle" is a sequel to "The Nazarene" and, like many sequels, inferior to its predecessor. It is a lesser book, just as Paul, its subject, is a lesser figure than his Master. But compared with the historical novels that pour from the presses, "The Apostle" is a mature work. It is an act of faith, truly apostolic in its humility and simplicity. It has its limitations, too, for the story of St. Paul is told as if the author were an eyewitness, as if no light had been thrown on the Pauline epic by psychoanalysis, comparative religion, social anthropology, and medicine. "The Apostle" is a work of piety, not analysis. It is curiously unmodern, so much so that many readers will have to make a conscious effort to repress their skepticism and encourage their animal faith if they wish to get from "The Apostle" all Sholem Asch has to offer.

Asch's view of Paul is the traditional one. He sees him beginning as a devout Jew, faithful to the Jewish Law, but with a questioning mind. Paul's first impulse is to oppose, then to persecute the followers of Jesus, the simple Jews who believed that the Messiah had come. It is in this mood that he becomes partly responsible for the murder of Stephen, but his conscience then joins forces with his intellect and the combination produces the vision on the road to Damascus. Slowly Asch traces the change in Paul, the growth in his mind of the Messianic doctrine of redemption, his gradual realization that it is his mission to preach to the Gentiles, his unsuccessful attempt to reconcile the orthodox Jewish with the emerging Christian-Jewish sect, and his final acceptance of himself as the organizer of a new Church.

The all-out faithful will discover a special emotional quality in "The Apostle." Those who find Paul a tortured and unsympathetic figure, his tremendous abilities and superb courage flawed by his epilepsy and exacerbated sense of guilt, will probably not be greatly uplifted by "The Apostle." They will admire it less for its spiritual qualities than for its amazing power to clothe with flesh a dead world.

Asch takes all the New Testament figures—Stephen, Simon, Luke, Barnabas, Mark, James, Timothy—and touches them with new life. He is hardly less successful with his pagans—Seneca, Nero, Poppaea. He is perhaps most remarkable in his reconstruction of place. A magnificent scholar, he creates in the most painstaking detail the Temple of Jerusalem, the slave-worked bronze foundries of Corinth, the Astarte-worshippers of Antioch, the squalor and splendor of Rome.

For me the book is too long and too



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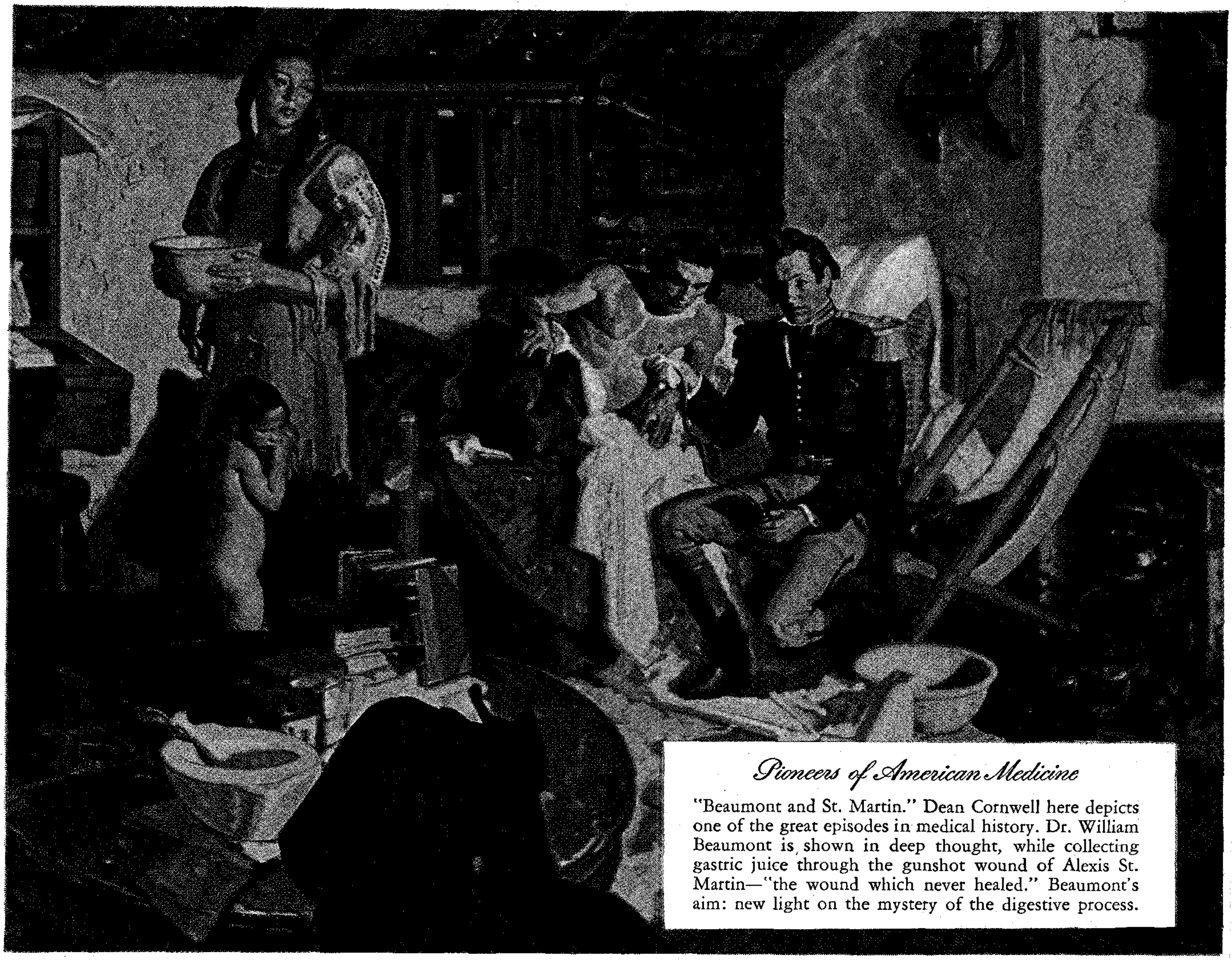

Pioneers of American Medicine

"Beaumont and St. Martin." Dean Cornwell here depicts one of the great episodes in medical history. Dr. William Beaumont is shown in deep thought, while collecting gastric juice through the gunshot wound of Alexis St. Martin—"the wound which never healed." Beaumont's aim: new light on the mystery of the digestive process.

The gunshot wound which solved an age-old mystery

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slow, and I have not the wolfish appetite for theological argument that Paul and his co-workers apparently possessed. But it is impossible not to perceive the monumental quality of "The Apostle," not to admire the reverent spirit that produced it and its greater companion book, "The Nazarene."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NO LONGER FUGITIVE, by Ann Chidester. A story about the turbulent household of old Mathew Moore, impoverished Minnesota robber baron, in the summer of 1942, especially about Mathew himself, his grandson Liam, and Mary Margaret, the wife of another grandson. The old man worries about Liam's reluctance to be drafted into an army whose cause he is not sure is a just one, Liam worries about the same thing, and Mary Margaret is worried by emotional growing pains, complicated by doubt about the love of her absent soldier husband. His return on leave solves her problem. Liam finds a girl and a faith to fight for, and the old man's worries are over forever when he is killed by a cyclone. Miss Chidester's plot sometimes creaks and her style could stand much pruning, but she writes with considerable power and she knows people, especially the young.

THE DARKER BROTHER, by Bucklin Moon. Don't be put off by the unfortunate missionary-tract title. This darker brother is a little Negro boy who comes from Florida with his mother and sister to stay with an uncle grown rich in the Harlem policy racket. The family lives comfortably, almost luxuriously according to Harlem standards. The boy goes to school, grows up, and falls in love with a nice girl. Then the uncle is killed by members of a rival policy ring and there is no more money. There are no jobs, either, for a man whose skin is black, and the boy learns that New York is only a larger Jim Crow town than Tallahassee. A pitiful, unhappy story of white man's inhumanity to black, which, however, leaves unexplored the deeper issues involved.

THE TRESPASSERS, by Laura Z. Hobson. In this first novel Mrs. Hobson weaves together two themes: the plight of the world's exiles, symbolized by the family of the Austrian psychiatrist, Franz Vederle, and the

G.I. JUNGLE
AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW GUINEA
E.J. KAHN, JR.
UNITED STATES INFANTRY

New Yorker readers will be glad to hear that Warrant Officer Jack Kahn (*The New Yorker's* E. J. Kahn, Jr.) has collected and newly edited his best and most recent communiqués and made them into a book, *G. I. Jungle.* Many, but not all, of the chapters have appeared in this magazine.

Kahn and his comrades in arms have shot down no Messerschmidts or Zeros, nor have they torpedoed or rammed any enemy destroyers or aircraft carriers. But, slogging through the mosquito-infested jungles and Jap-crawling mudholes of New Guinea, they are doing far more than their share of the dirty work that goes into winning a war. *G. I. Jungle* is their story, from home to Australian training camps to the jungle fronts. It's as witty and courageous and friendly and packed with information as a letter home from a boy in uniform.

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G.I. JUNGLE

by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

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LEKTRO°LITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 35, N. Y.

plight of the American heroine, Vera Marriner, whose love for Jasper Crown is frustrated by, among other things, his power urge. The author does better with her major than with her minor motif. Energetic writing, overcharged at times.

THE INCONSTANT FLAME, by Harlow Estes. A study of the conflicting temperaments of two young people deeply in love. The girl is serious and conscientious, the man irresponsible, charming, and egocentric. Neither is wise and they hurt each other time and again, once almost fatally. Sharp and sensitive as far as it goes, but not overly penetrating.

LILLIAN HARLEY, by Marian Cockrell. A pleasant-tempered story about a small-town girl who lives on the wrong side of the tracks and broods about it. She goes to New York, makes a career for herself, falls in love with a likable young extrovert, and is able to go back home and deal with the problems which once had her down. Not much of a plot, but the writing is fresh and humorous enough to make the book notable in the season's crop of popular fiction.

GENERAL

% POSTMASTER, written and illustrated by Corporal Thomas R. St. George. All about how the Corporal went places on a Pacific transport, explored the oddities of Australia, and took off finally for New Guinea. Amusing, original way of writing, and evidently real G. I. stuff rather than the sort of clever corn we've been getting. The author's wash drawings have an authentic, daffy, scrambled quality about them.

SPRINGBOARD TO BERLIN, by John A. Parris, Jr., and Ned Russell, in collaboration with Leo Disher and Phil Ault. Four American correspondents, all of whom saw lots of fighting, take turns at giving us a chronological account of American operations in the Mediterranean from the preparations for the North African invasion to the landings in Sicily. Some overlapping, and the writing may seem coked up at times. Nevertheless, this is a dramatic, full-scale, and by no means uncritical job.

PREVIEW OF HISTORY, by Raymond Gram Swing. A selection of Mr. Swing's broadcasts and speeches from October 18, 1938, to May 10, 1943, plus a new essay on the nature of the peace to come. At his worst, the author can be positively Coolidgean,

58
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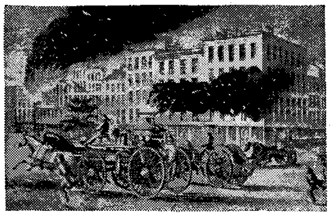

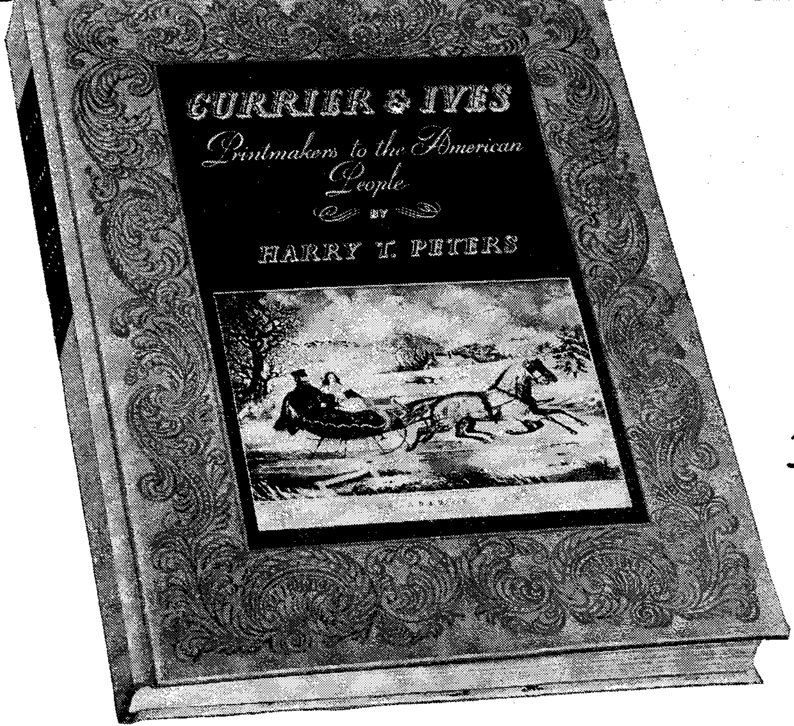
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The notable prints which comprise this book were taken from what is perhaps the definitive collection of Currier and Ives... that of Mr. Harry T. Peters, whose collection is certainly the largest in existence. There are many full-page, four-color reproductions. The page size is 9 by 12 inches, which makes these prints suitable for framing if desired.

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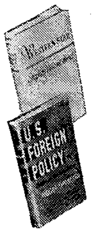

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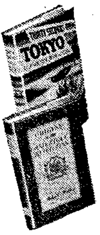

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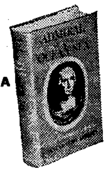

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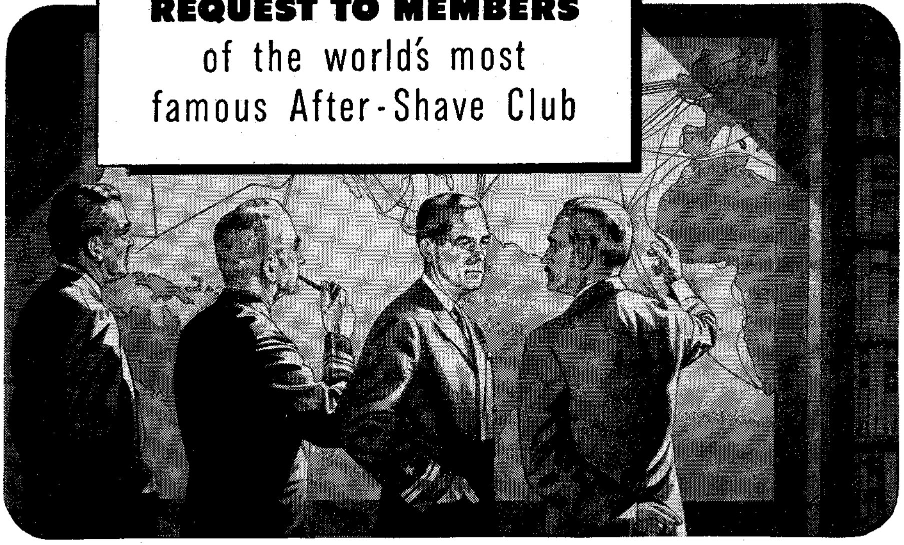

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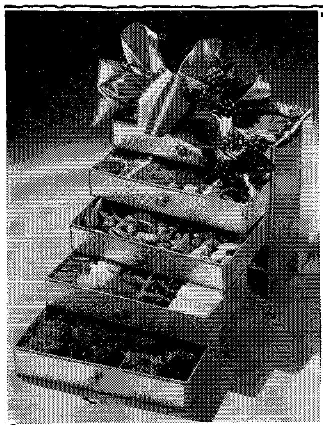

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but this book contains a good percentage of his more acute writings, too.

OUT OF MY MIND, by Katharine Brush. Thirty-four of Miss Brush's pieces from the magazines, including this one, on such subjects as the Normandie-Lafayette, what's wrong with men, Army pilots in training, and how much lipstick a woman swallows in a year. Bright, neat, and all there—what there is of it. Introduction by Westbrook Pegler, sketches by Dorothy L. Scher.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CAT'S CLAW, by D. B. Olsen. The Aldershots, who harbor some very sinister family secrets as well as a few black-widow spiders on their California estate, are investigated by the Misses Rachel and Jennifer Murdock. A sound enough story aimed at readers who find the vagaries of elderly spinster detectives appealing.

NINTH FLOOR: MIDDLE CITY TOWER, by Kerry O'Neil. The Robin Hood activities of Jerry Mooney, a young private detective who is helped out by a wide circle of tough friends, all of them with hearts of gold. A lively mystery about jewel robberies and murder, not very well written, but more fun to read than many more pretentious stories.

BLACKOUT AT REHEARSAL, by M. P. Rea. Blackmail and murder among the members of the Cape Cocos Little Theatre Group, most of whom have been pretty indiscreet at one time or another and are regretting it now. It all happens in Florida. A rather slim tale, but good.

MURDER WILL SPEAK, by George Bellairs. A twenty-three-year-old murder case comes to life just in time for the expert attention of Inspector Littlejohn, who has gone up to Yorkshire from London for his vacation and who collaborates like a gentleman with a large number of not too intelligent local sleuths. Yorkshiremen move slowly, and so does this story.

•

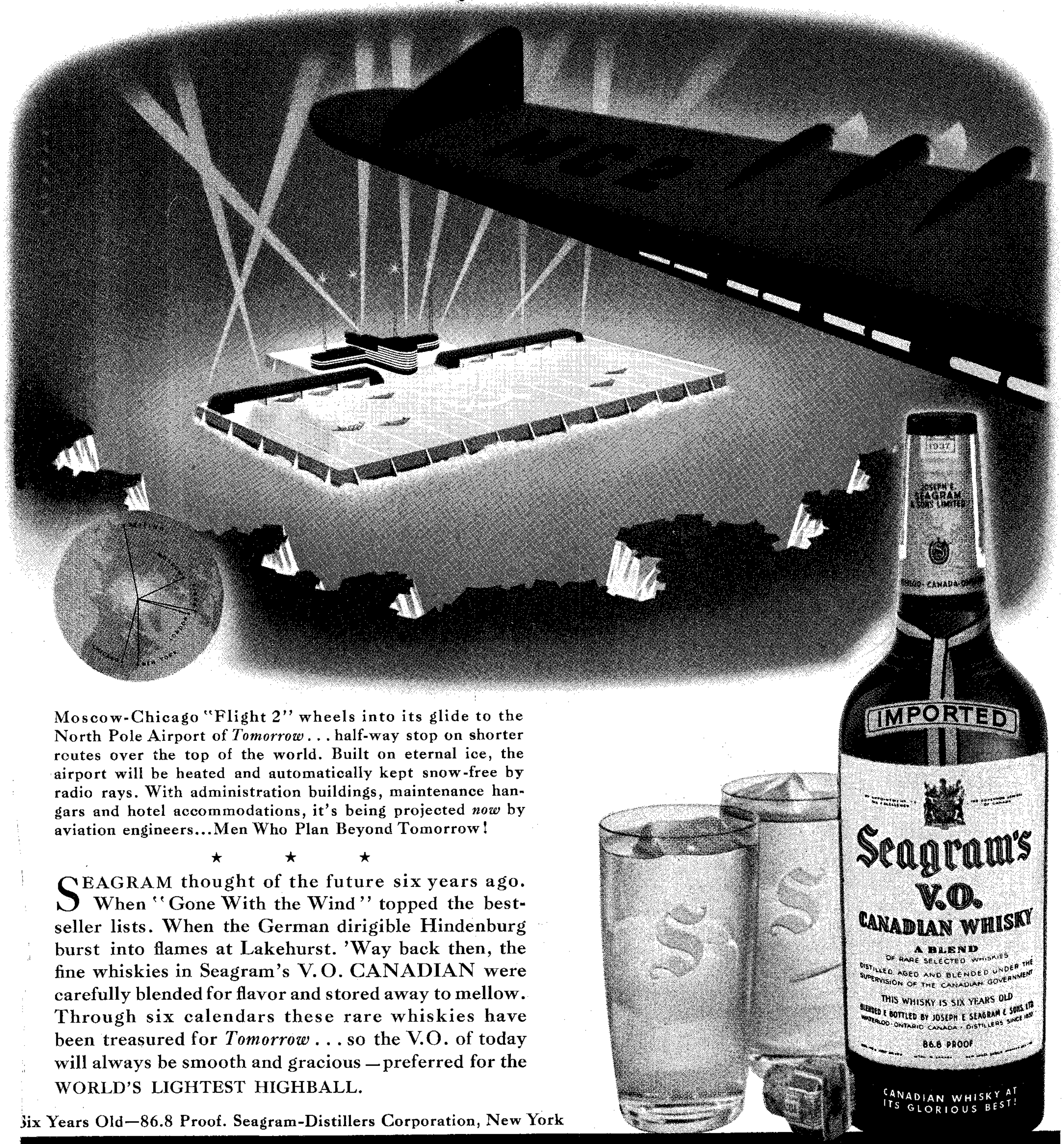
FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT
(INTERNAL HEAT DIVISION)

Deep down inside he's warm and glowing now.—*Adv. of the New Haven Railroad.*

That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.—*Adv. for the U.S.O.*

The boy felt warm and good inside.
—*Adv. of Eastern Air Lines.*

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best!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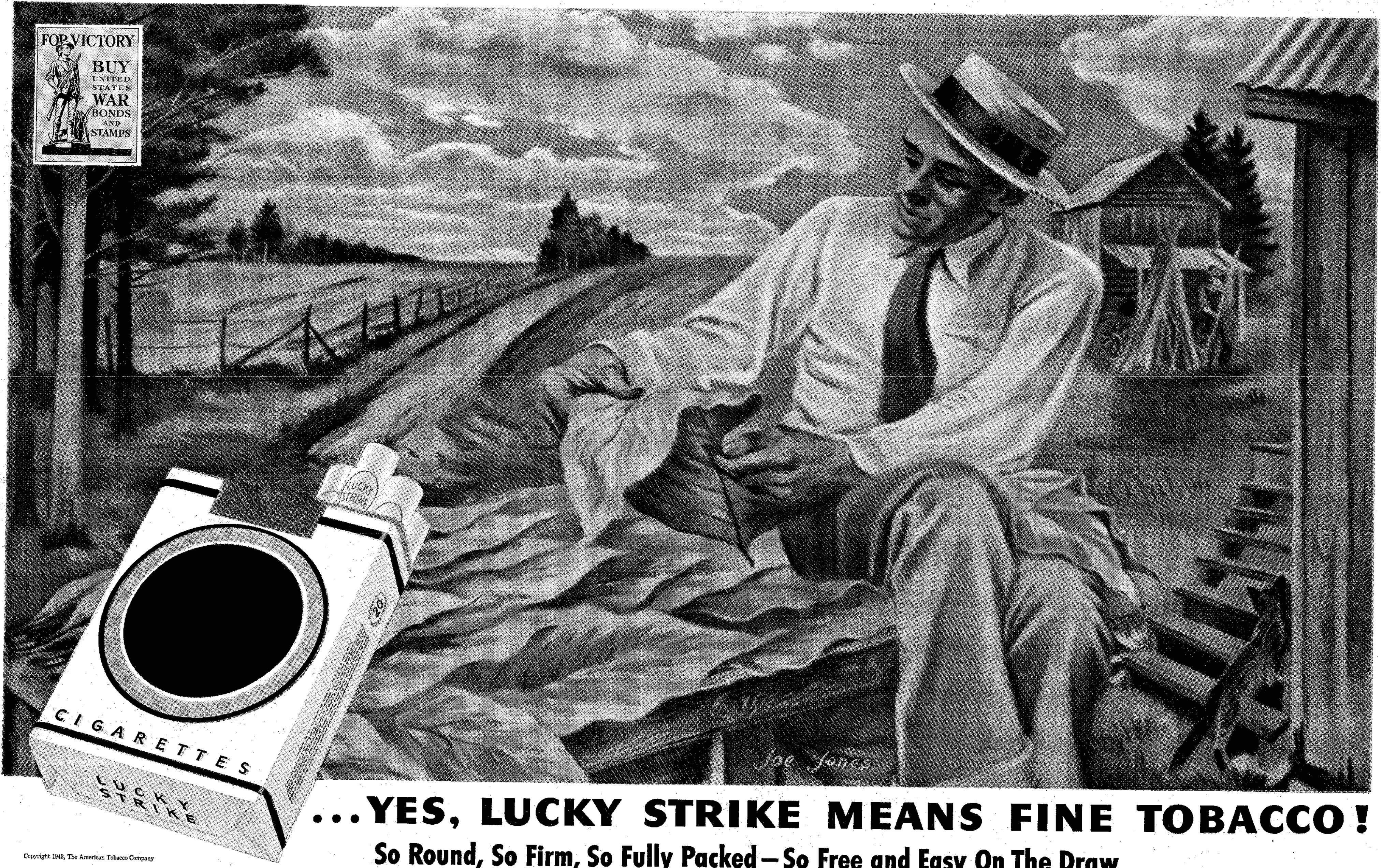
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